THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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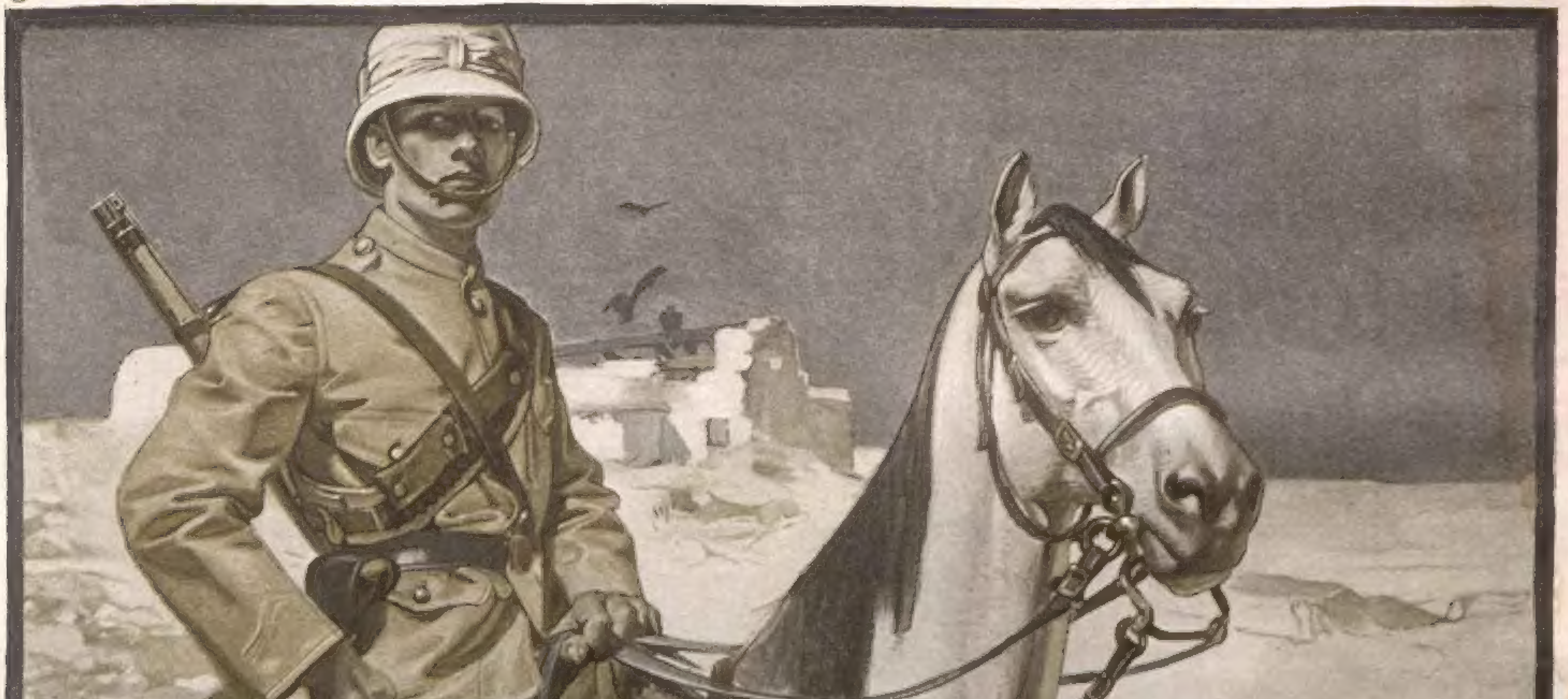

DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

South Africa After the War—By W. T. Stead

The Attractions of Farming—By William Jennings Bryan

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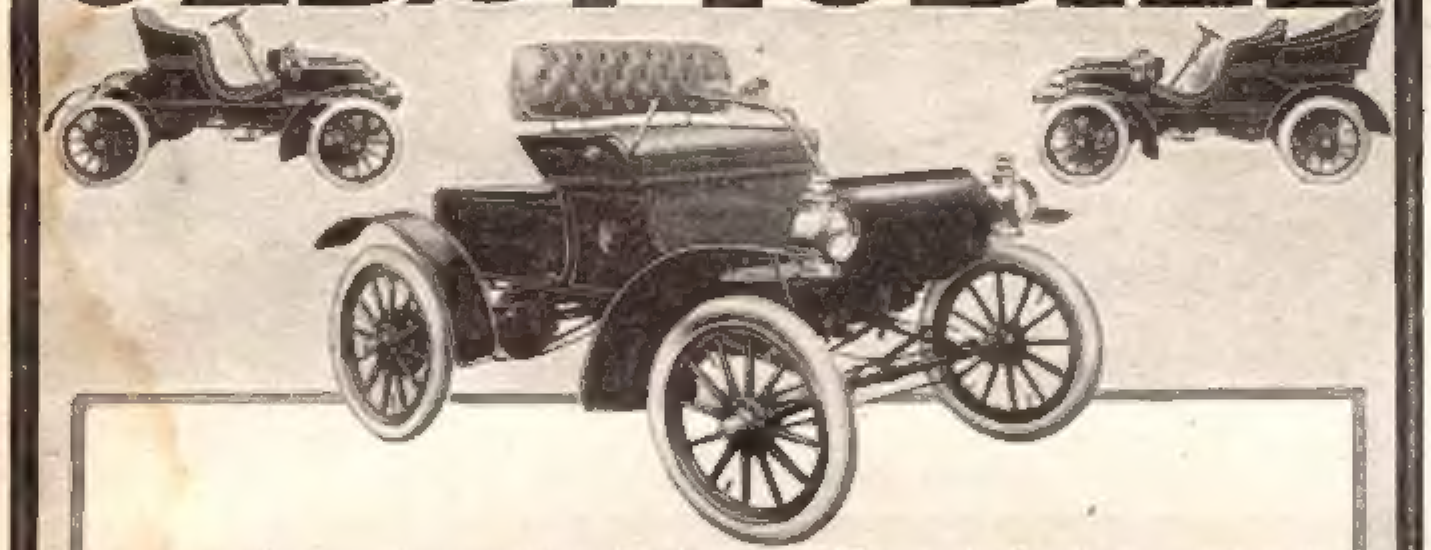

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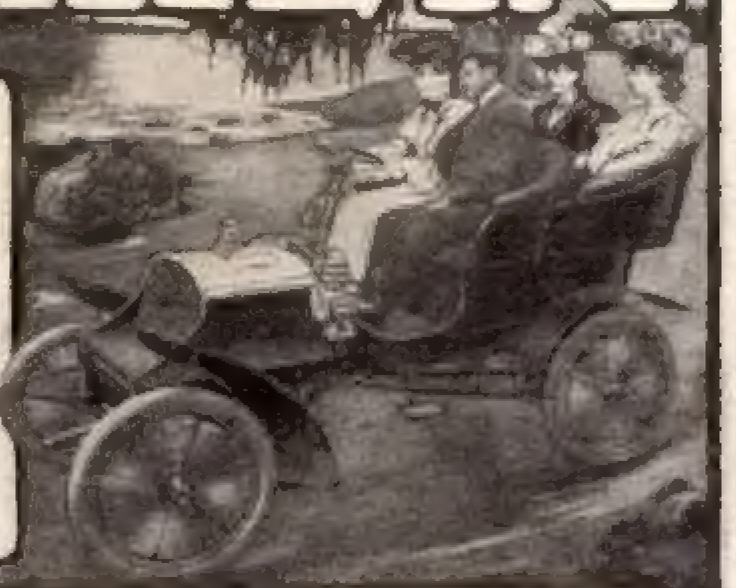

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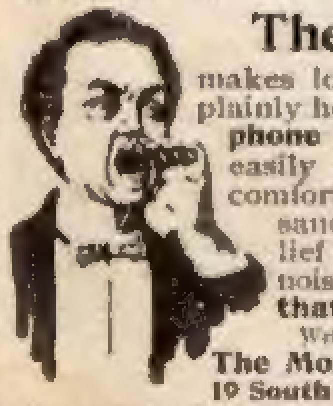

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South Africa After the War

A Parable of the Prickly Pear and Its Deceitful Enticements

BY W. T. STEAD

I CONSIDER myself privileged on my first visit to South Africa to have discovered that the prickly pear is the national flower of the country. Why this discovery has never been made before I do not know. As the rose is to England, the thistle to Scotland, the shamrock to Ireland, the maple leaf to Canada, so the prickly pear is to South Africa. It is the emblem of this distressful land — as John Bull has already found out to his undoing, and is likely to continue finding out as the years pass, until at last he realizes that his only policy is to leave it alone.

The prickly pear, as every one knows, is a splendid plant of luscious, green, cactus-like leaves, every one of which is covered, like the fretful porpentine, with sharp spikes. These sharp thorns typify the outward and visible difficulties of South African dominion. Being seen, however, they are measurable and manageable, and, therefore, it is not in the thorn-bristled leaf and in its visible and menacing spikes but in the almost invisible stings that cover the surface of its rose-red fig that the full appropriateness of the prickly pear as the national flower of British South Africa can be properly appreciated.

A short time ago a poor black laborer, working on an estate near Bloemfontein, was moonstruck: for the power of the moon over the wit of man is no fable among the colored races. In his delirium, not knowing what he did, the native flung himself into the midst of a clump of prickly pears, and, seizing the luscious fruit, thrust them into his mouth. The result can be imagined. The poor wretch, his mouth swollen and smarting with a thousand stings, writhed in torture on the ground, endeavoring in vain with mouthfuls of sand to scour away the burning, blistering, stinging agony. The temporary lunacy developed into homicidal madness, and he is now confined in an asylum.

In this pitiable story behold a parable all too exact of the present position of John Bull in South Africa. In his moonstruck frenzy he plunged into the South African thicket of prickly pears; he has stuffed his mouth full of these deceitful poison figs with venomed sting, and he is suffering in accordance with the nature of things. Nor is there any hope that he will experience any relief unless he shall apply the sweet butter and healing oil of conciliation and of justice. I went to South Africa to see how the unfortunate patient is progressing, to ascertain whether he has taken any steps to extricate himself from his troubles, and to form some idea of the possible trend of events in these colonies.

It must, however, be admitted that the future of South Africa will be settled, not in South Africa, but in London. The present Unionist administration is tottering to its fall. The fate of South Africa in the immediate future depends upon the composition of the majority that will issue from the ballot-boxes at the next British general election. That general election will turn upon a great number of questions, among the press of which it is quite possible that the welfare of this particular fragment of the King's dominions will be quite lost sight of. It is at such times that the comparative numerical insignificance of the colonists comes into clear relief. The white inhabitants of Great Britain and of Ireland number 42,000,000. The white inhabitants of all British South Africa, including Dutchmen, do not number one-forty-second of that number. At the coming general election South African questions will probably occupy more than one forty-second part of the attention of the electors. But whether they think of them at all, or not at all, upon their verdict depends the future destinies of South Africa.

PHOTO. BY [illegible], CAPE TOWN

LORD MILNER

There is an absurd disproportion between the numbers of persons living in South Africa and the magnitude of the interests which they represent. Altogether, between the rugged and picturesque heights of Table Mountain and the magnificent Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, there are not at this moment a million white persons, men, women and children all included. Last census returns gave the white population of South Africa as 876,000, or about the same number as the immigrants who landed in the United States last year. This handful of white settlers occupy the southern part of a continent three-fourths of which is almost uninhabited by white men. In the whole of Rhodesia, for instance, which looms so large on the map, owing to its immense area of 750,000 square miles, there are at the present moment only 11,000 white persons all told, or considerably fewer than the inhabitants in an ordinary city district. Even if we take the number of white South Africans at about a million, it seems almost incredible that it was merely to adjust the differences between two sections of this minute white population that the British Empire was practically held up by war for nearly three years. Yet the fact is beyond dispute. An Empire covering eleven million square miles of the world's surface, with 396,000,000 of subjects, was kept in a state of war for two years and seven months because one fraction of this million could not agree with another fraction as to how they should live together side by side in territories so vast that, excluding Rhodesia, every man, woman and child enjoyed for elbow room half a square mile of land.

Since the legendary wars recorded in the Welsh triads, in which hundreds and thousands of brave men are said to have died on account of a dispute as to a blackbird or a greyhound, has there been anything more absurd than the gigantic war fought to decide the rival pretensions of a couple of handfuls of Britons and Boers in South Africa? It opens the twentieth century with a phenomenal record of human folly, the memory of which may well serve to chasten the pride of the human race. Whatever madness may overtake mankind in the years that are to come, it is not likely that this South African record will be beaten for the stupendous disproportion between the forces put in motion and the object which was in dispute. It was as if we were to

> See the whole ocean into tempest hurled
> To waft a feather or to drown a fly,

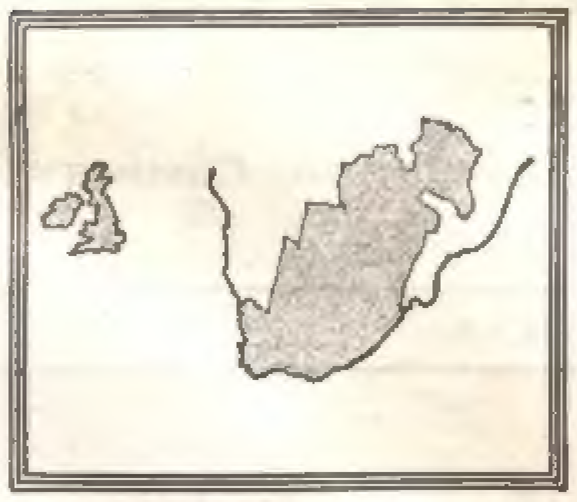
when we contemplate the putting forth of the whole undivided strength of the British Empire in order to settle by sheer brute strength the question whether a few thousand foreigners in Johannesburg should have a franchise, which few of them wanted, five years or seven years after they arrived in the country. Five years have now elapsed, and more, since the demand was first put forth. But as to this day none of them have got their franchise, the difference between five years' naturalization and seven seems hardly to have been so grave as to have warranted the expenditure of $1,000,000,000 in a war which, at its close, left the original object of the controversy still unattained.

The last word of the wisdom of the nineteenth century had been the Hague Conference of Peace, in which Great Britain had posed before all the world as the foremost champion of the principle of international arbitration. The ink of her signature to the famous convention was hardly dry when her Government was humbly, repeatedly, and even passionately besought by the South African republics to refer all the questions in dispute between them and the Empire to the decision of impartial arbitrators. The pride of the Englishman was stronger than his sense of consistency. It seemed presumptuous in these small peoples to invoke the principle of arbitration in a dispute with a power which claimed to have suzerain rights over one of them. Besides, the odds were heavy that if the dispute went to arbitration the decision would be against England as it had been in the Alabama case and in the dispute about Delagoa Bay. So the Boers' appeal for arbitration was scornfully put to one side, and in place of arbitration they were menaced with the sword. England would frame her own proposals, they were loftily told, to which they would have to submit or fight. The

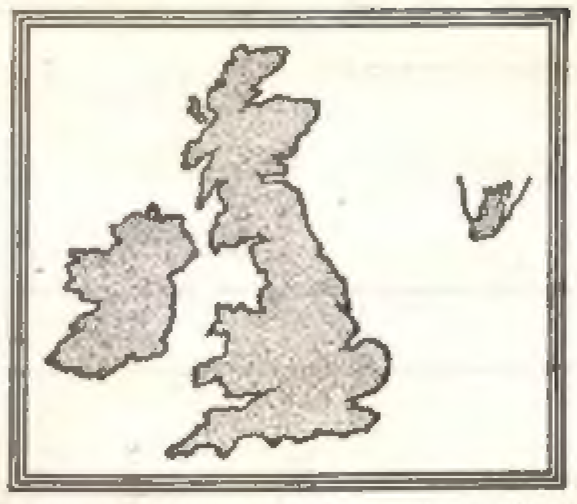
Editor's Note — This is the first of six papers by Mr. Stead on present conditions in South Africa.

THE MARKET-PLACE, BLOEMFONTEIN

THE AUTHOR ON THE VELDT



GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND AND BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA DRAWN TO SCALE ACCORDING TO AREA: GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, 120,000 SQUARE MILES; BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA, 1,250,000 SQUARE MILES



GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND AND BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA DRAWN TO SCALE ACCORDING TO THEIR WHITE POPULATION: BRITISH ISLES, 42,000,000; BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA, 1,000,000.

adoption of this tone was prompted by the universal conviction that by an expenditure of $50,000,000 a British army of 75,000 men would find it easy to crush the Boers into submission and enable them to dictate peace in Pretoria in less than six months. The temptation to snatch what seemed a cheap and easy triumph proved too much for the virtue of the British Government, and the Boers, with heavy hearts, accepted the alternative of war.

The way of transgressors is hard. The Hague Conference wrote up under Arbitration, before the eyes of all nations: "This is the way of salvation: walk ye in it." The British Government, all unwitting of what it was about, has now written under the inscription, in characters not less conspicuous: "And if ye do not ye will fare as we have done in South Africa: see ye to it!"

And this is how Great Britain fared in South Africa. Her original calculation was a six months' war, waged by an army of 75,000 men, terminating in a complete victory, costing not more than $50,000,000. In return she would be able to annex the republics, make herself the mistress of the richest gold fields in the world, and magnify and glorify her prestige among all the nations of the earth. That was the lure which overcame her love of peace and her zeal for arbitration.

She swallowed the bait. When the hook was in her jaws she had many opportunities of contrasting things as they are with things as they seem. In the end the war worked out thus:

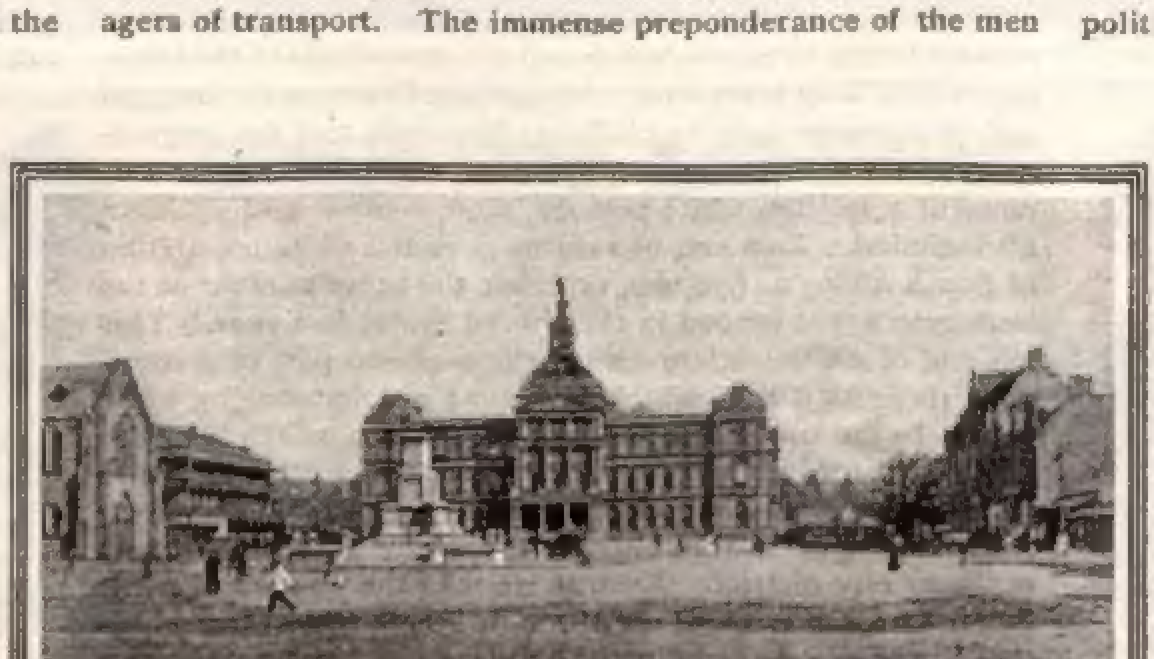
A war lasting two years and 233 days, waged by an army of 448,000 men, terminating in a peace on terms after an expenditure of $1,100,000,000 and the loss in lives of 22,000 men dead and as many wounded. She had made a desert and called it peace, at a sacrifice to her own prestige that no one can estimate. As the net result of her conquests she now needs a garrison of 21,000 men to uphold the flag, whereas before the war 5000 amply sufficed to maintain the supremacy of Britain in South Africa.

Of the destruction she wrought upon her enemies, whom she has now by force converted into unwilling subjects, it is hardly necessary to speak. Their roll of casualties caused by the war is appalling when it is considered that the Boer forces at the highest are never estimated at more than 95,000 men. The war cost them in lives, according to the British estimate, men 9000, women 5000, children 20,000. The extent of the devastation wrought in the country by the denuding columns sent out with instructions to lay waste the whole territory has never been estimated. It practically destroyed the resources of the whole people.

And after all this unloosing of gigantic forces of destruction, the Uitlanders of Johannesburg are still waiting for their franchises. For, as an incidental consequence of this war to give votes to foreigners resident in the republic, the republic itself got swept away, and there were no longer any franchises or votes left either to natives or to foreigners. The two conquered territories are administered as conquered territories; they are still waiting for the appearance of the promised representative institutions in either colony.

It will, no doubt, be objected that the real issue on which the war was fought was not the ridiculous controversy about the giving of votes to aliens who did not want them, but whether Briton or Boer was to be the dominating force in South Africa. If so, the war has had a still more surprising result, viewed from that standpoint, than if it is regarded as a fight for the votes of the Uitlanders. For the net result of the three years' war has been to establish beyond all gainsaying the fact that in the contest between British South Africans and Dutch South Africans the balance of strength is so overwhelmingly on the side of the latter that if they were left to themselves the Boer's supremacy would not be challenged.

This is a somewhat unexpected result to accrue from all the sacrifices that Britain has made in this war. But no sentimental consideration nor the promptings of national vanity can be permitted to blind us to the fact that if the British garrison were withdrawn, and Britons and Boers in South Africa were left to settle their own affairs without intervention from outside, the Boer would have as little difficulty in asserting his ascendancy over the Briton as the warlike Mohammedan would find in dominating the Bengalee baboos if we evacuated India. Fighting force in South Africa itself is overwhelmingly on the side of the Boers. The "screamers of the towns" and the cosmopolitan rabble of Johannesburg—even allowing to the full the merits of the Imperial Light Horse, who were as brave as Boers—would hardly venture to contest in arms, if left to themselves, the supremacy of the Dutch. We have, therefore, to face the fact that the Government of South Africa is at present an inverted pyramid which is kept from assuming its natural equilibrium solely by British bayonets sent from over the sea. That garrison is only large enough at present to afford a tempting prize to the Boers if they meditated insurrection. They are not thinking of any such thing: they know their strength, and prefer to allow the play of natural forces to decide the future of South Africa. They are not precipitate, these South Africans. Every day brings over more and more British to the South African side. In silence and in confidence will be their strength until the day comes of imperial difficulty and danger, when, if we have not won their affection and their respect, they will, with their new allies, simply sweep our garrison out of the country, using for the purpose, if it were necessary to fight—which they do not believe—the rifles of the British soldiers. No men know better the art of filling their own stores at the cost of the enemy, and if the time should come, which Heaven forbid, for a new appeal to arms, it is from the British arsenals that the Boers will draw their first supplies.



THE VOLKSRAAD, OR PARLIAMENT HOUSE, PRETORIA

If the British Empire were involved in a war with a great power England would not be able to maintain, still less to reënforce, the South African garrison. She could not rely upon the British fraction of the colonists to do more than furnish town guards and looting irregulars with two or three regiments of Light Horse. Hence it is evident that unless she can govern the South Africans by consent she can never govern them at all. When it comes to shooting the Briton in South Africa is nowhere unless he can call in help from outside. This fact is so far admitted by the British authorities that they are making strenuous efforts to increase the number of British colonists in the country by promoting immigration and offering tempting inducements to young Englishmen to settle on the land. But the process is not a rapid one, and so far their efforts have not been crowned with conspicuous success. Farming in South Africa, like farming in other countries, is a laborious occupation, demanding much patience, and patience is not exactly the note of English adventurous youth. Locusts and drought are too frequent incidents in the life of the African farmer for the veldt to tempt those who have the whole world to choose from. There is not much society save that of their Dutch neighbors. A few Englishmen here and there may stick to the land and make a success of it. But the majority of these imported exotics are like cut flowers stuck in African sand: when the sun waxes hot they wither away. Not for many years will these newcomers be sufficiently numerous to outnumber the Boers. The English will be, as they have been, mostly dwellers in towns, speculators in mines, tradesmen and managers of transport. The immense preponderance of the men on the land will be in the future, as in the past, men of Dutch descent. The Boer cradle is constantly refilled. The old continental sneer at the dimensions of English families has lost its point. It is the Boer, not the Briton, who has his quiver full of children. When I was at Cape Town I was entertained by a minister who, from his position of authority, is usually known as the Pope of the Dutch Reformed Church. In that communion the celibacy of the clergy is contemned as a Roman heresy; neither do they agree with the Greek Church in prohibiting second marriages. My host had been twice married and he has a family of seventeen children. Four professors at Stellenbosch College have an average family of a dozen children. They are a stalwart race, these descendants of the Dutch immigrants and of the French Huguenots, and their fecundity is more than a makeweight for all the imperial makeshifts of the party now temporarily in the ascendant. The havoc occasioned by the war, which told most keenly upon the children who were done to death in the concentration camps, will soon be made good. Hence there is no reason to anticipate that the balance of local fighting force will ever pass in South Africa from the Boer to the Briton.

THE NATIONAL FLOWER OF SOUTH AFRICA

The war, therefore, so far from establishing the permanent ascendancy of the Briton over the Boer in South Africa, has demonstrated to every one the fact that British ascendancy can only be maintained by support from without. Now, John Bull has a great deal too much to do in all parts of the world permanently to alienate a large portion of his slender military resources in bolstering up in perpetuity the weaker fraction of South Africans against their stronger neighbors. If the struggle for supremacy could have been confined to a parliamentary arena it was possible that with the development of the mines and the commerce of the country the British might in time have secured a majority at the polls. The vote of a gutter-bred counter-jumper, narrow chested and short sighted, counts for as much as the vote of a magnificent up-country Boer, who lives in the saddle and is a dead shot at a thousand yards. Hence the suicidal folly of the British Jingoes in forcing an appeal to the arbitrament of force, a field in which one Boer from the veldt is worth a dozen clerks and artisans from the towns.

The war has, therefore, brought about exactly the opposite result to that which was counted upon by its short-sighted advocates. The Boer is now universally recognized as the superior fighting man. If he had been led at the beginning of the war by generals as capable as De Wet, Botha and Delarey, he would easily have forced the British forces to fall back under the cover of the guns of their fleets at Cape Town and Durban. Even 448,000 British and Colonial troops could not force him to unconditional surrender.

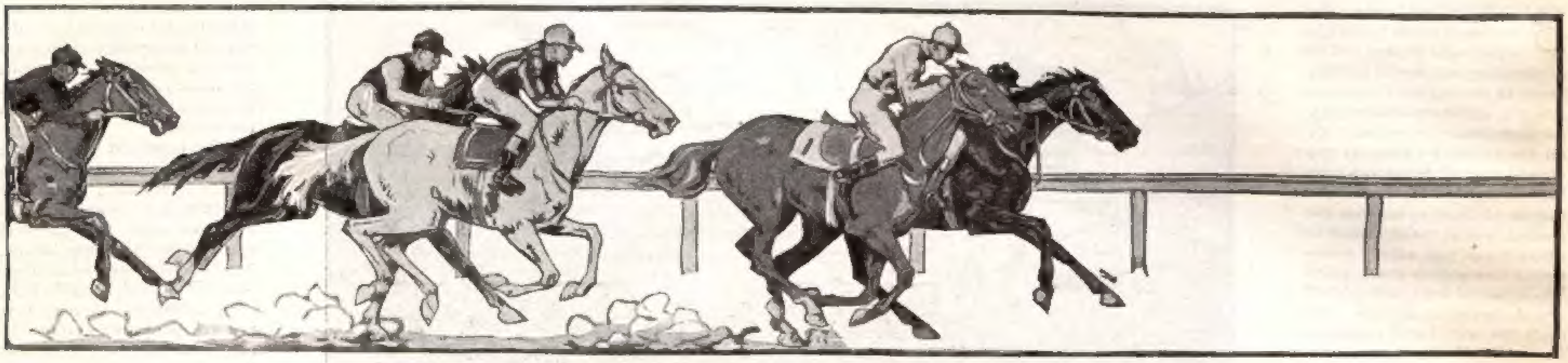
The Boers are absolutely quiescent. Many of them are destitute. Most of them are hard at work endeavoring by patient and unremitting labor to repair the damage done to their homesteads by the devastating armies which swept backward and forward across the veldt, burning, slaying and destroying for the purpose of making a wilderness of the country which it seemed impossible to conquer. In most cases their houses were a blackened ruin. Their dams were burst, their fruit trees cut down, the labor of generations blotted out in an hour.

Patiently as bees begin to refill their hives the moment the spoiler has carried off their golden store, the Boers are at work, men, women and children, making no complaint, but toiling bravely from sun up to sun down, the admiration of all who behold them. They take no part in politics. They utter no threats. Their amazing quiet and their calm self-possession deceive many into the belief that they have forgotten and forgiven, and that they have finally accepted the position of a subject race.

Those who imagine such things have little knowledge of human nature, and no knowledge at all of Dutch human nature. They are a tough race, these Dutchmen, phlegmatic and not given to rhetorical flourishings or hysterical parade of their emotions.

But although the British may perhaps—and it is only a perhaps—reconcile them to accept a position of an absolutely independent self-governing state under the Union Jack, they will never be able to compel them to acquiesce in the position of a subject race. Even to induce them to consent to accept the status of a self-governing colony will be difficult, and the difficulties which are almost insuperable are the direct product of war.

THE "DOPE SHEET"



An Account of the Effort to Stamp Out Race-Track Gambling

By Carter H. Harrison

Mayor of Chicago

AT INTERVALS more or less regular a country concerned for the welfare of its people finds itself under the necessity of taking radical, vigorous action to exterminate, root and branch, some form of gambling that threatens to vitiate the very strength of its citizenry.

Our country confronted such a necessity when it made war on the Louisiana lottery. It now finds the problem before it again, this time in the shape of race-track gambling.

An epidemic of the gambling mania gets a ready start because it builds itself upon an inherent characteristic of men. Men may have discovered how to eat first, but they invented games of chance before they invented an alphabet.

An insidious mania from which few, if sufficiently exposed, are exempt, gambling on the scale allowed before by the lottery and now by the race-track does more than cost the victim the money lost in failure. It destroys his ideas of political economy. It breaks down the "sweat of the brow" theory. It takes from him the desire to live by honest work.

That is the real harm done a nation by indiscriminate gambling. It was the harm that the Louisiana lottery was doing when suppressed by Federal legislation. It is the harm the race-track is doing now. The clerk whose ideas of advancement had embraced a schedule of work and thrift substitutes for this a program of luck and hazard.

Give this virus an opportunity to inoculate all classes of a country and you have allowed a blow to be struck directly at the source of a nation's prosperity.

It may be admitted that race-track gambling would have to continue for many years in increasing power before its general effect could be observed in all parts of the country. That is no argument against precaution. The effect can be detected now, and the cause is growing. In the cities race-track gambling has a greater following to-day than was enjoyed by lottery gambling in the palmiest days of the Louisiana octopus.

Luckily, the remedy is being developed at the same time. An attack that has begun with individual cities is being carried into the State Legislatures. From the State Legislatures it must be carried to the National Congress. There, and probably only there, can an effective measure be devised that will destroy race-track gambling. It was there the lottery was killed.

Chicago, leading the fight, has worked, with the aid of the Western Union Telegraph Company and the Chicago Telephone Company, to suppress poolrooms and handbook making. New York has followed in the same lines, meeting with even greater difficulties. Chicago is now preparing to appeal to the State Legislature, which meets in Springfield in January, for legislation that will give a new weapon against this form of gambling.

Thus the two principal cities of the country have recognized the gravity of the disease and are operating for its cure. They will do something, but not enough. The Federal Government must turn the final trick, as it did with the lottery.

The mails must be closed to the operations of race-track gamblers, and bars must be placed across the way of the inter-State transmission of news so as to prevent the carrying of race-track information to be used in making bets.

There need be no fear of overestimating the danger that attends the mania for race gambling. When the Louisiana lottery was at its height a considerable element of the people of New Orleans regarded it as a waste of time to spend any energy in ordinary occupations. What was the need of work when a lucky combination in the lottery meant a fortune without labor? What was the use of toil when a drawing could provide a life of luxury without the lifting of a finger?

That idea is a good spade with which to dig a national grave. The Government broke this particular graveyard implement into small bits, and when it is appreciated that another has taken its place it may be imagined that the action against it will be just as thorough in its results.

When Chicago began the work of correction the city officials were surprised by the general character which the gambling mania had assumed. It had permeated all classes without regard, seemingly, to occupation, age or sex.

The girl stenographer of a big firm studied the "dope sheet" as she rode downtown to her work or when she went out to her luncheon. She knew the vocabulary of the race-track. She knew the horses and what they had done. She could tell which horse was a "good mudder" and which liked a dry track. She knew the riders as well as the mounts.

She was as proficient as a race-track "tout." She gave her commissions when she could not get to a poolroom or to the track. Another surprise was the discovery that poolrooms were operated especially for women, with "barkers" at the doors and every arrangement for feminine comfort within. To these places went the highly respectable women of family.

And as with the stenographer, so with the great army of workers who fill downtown Chicago during the day — not every one a race-track "fiend," but every one exposed to the same temptation that had converted the stenographer into one. A glance at the crowds in the cars going to the races or at the crowds in the grandstand, the clubhouse or at the rail will be sufficient to give an idea of the scope of the race-track mania.

We discovered that the big downtown buildings were so saturated with the craze for gambling that agents of poolrooms made it a practice to visit office after office to obtain commissions for bets. The gambling solicitor was as regular a visitor as the man with the fresh towel supply.

The book agent and the peddler might be refused admittance, but the gambling solicitor entered without hindrance. From the stenographers, clerks and even the trusted men of the office he took the money that was badly enough needed for legitimate purposes, but which was risked in the insane efforts to profit by hazard.

We discovered that these solicitors worked the elevated trains and surface cars just as a baggage collector does a through train: not only the cars to the races but the cars carrying people to and from their work.

In a word, the "business" was systematized. It was developing its trade along the lines most approved by men who have made successful enterprises. With its allurements thus carefully and skillfully presented there seemed no reason not to believe that its "prosperity" would be abnormal.

It was easier to see the danger and to observe its growth than to find a cure and a means to prevent its spread.

In the first place, several agencies that usually help any attempt to "reform" a city were aiding race-track gambling. It is doubtful if any one thing contributes so much to the mania as the newspapers. They may preach editorially against the poolroom, but they continue to be its strongest ally and supporter.

Not all the Chicago papers print the "dope sheet" giving information for the guidance of bettors, but many of them do, and among the latter are several which are considered decidedly "reform" papers.

It did not seem ridiculous or even humorous to the editors of these papers that they should "crusade" against gentlemen obliging enough to allow the public the chance of taking money from them, and, at the same time, furnish the public with the necessary information for making the attempt.

One paper had its sense of humor so little developed that it was willing to print cartoons illustrating the horrors of track gambling on one page and cartoons illustrating its joys on another.

Precept and practice went separate ways and landed miles apart. It would be possible to operate poolrooms and handbooks without newspapers, but it would not be possible to spread the mania so broadly and so thoroughly without the aid of some widely circulated medium which carries day by day the suggestion that wealth can be made by hazard.

This was, and continues to be, one of the strongest obstacles in the way of carrying out any successful measures for the suppression of race-track gambling.

My first attempt to stop handbook making was directed at the saloons. Chicago had so far blocked the "industry" years before that there were no wide-open poolrooms in the city working with all the businesslike precision of a board of trade. This feature of the gambling was the easiest to put down and out, and it had been.

Handbooks in the saloons had taken the places of the poolrooms, and they were scattered all over the city. Back in one corner of the saloon, not observing any particular method of secrecy, was the handbook maker, and he plied his trade successfully and peacefully until the storm hit him.

Revocation of saloon licenses was made the first weapon. The chief of police sent out his detectives. Detection at first was not difficult. Then came the revocations. There followed a scattering of the handbook men. From the open they went to cover, but they did not stop operations. Hotel bars were closed where handbooks had been found, and suppliants began to head for the City Hall, asking that their licenses be restored.

For a short time it seemed as if the weapon was a sufficient and adequate one, but that conviction was short lived. Instead of breaking up the industry we had succeeded merely in scattering it. From saloons the gamblers went to cigar stores, and there the weapon was valueless. There was nothing to revoke.

We found that some of the larger saloonkeepers with bookmaking as a side line transferred their gambling industry from their downtown places to saloons owned by them in other parts of the city.

When we had the thing suppressed in one quarter it sprang up in two others. It proved as elusive an object as ever a police department endeavored to catch.

It became necessary to plan some other method of attack. The "enemy" was mobile, but the "food supply" upon which it existed was not difficult to overtake and cut off. When this was realized the new plan of action disclosed itself. The poolroom depended on the ticker service by which the Western Union Telegraph Company supplied race-track news.

The tickers were in every saloon interested in horse racing. They were also in every brokerage office and in the newspaper offices. They alternated stock quotations, race-track news and baseball results, giving results of other athletic contests which happened to be of great public interest.

It was evident that a regulation of the ticker service was easier of accomplishment than the chasing of elusive poolrooms from pillar to post throughout the city. The ticker was what the poolroom patrons depended on as evidence. The ticker service gave reliability to the settlement of bets. It was evident that with it cut off, even if the bookmakers found some other source of information, it would not be so readily accepted by the men who made bets.

(Concluded on Page 22)

The Attractions of Farming

By William Jennings Bryan

BEFORE mentioning the modern improvements which add to the comfort of farm life, the agriculturist's place in the nation's economy and the advantages offered by the farm deserve attention. Of all the toilers the tiller of the ground is in closest touch with Mother Earth. He learns the secrets of Nature, watches the seasons, and is the alchemist at whose touch base soil is transmuted into golden grain, grass into milk and meat, and rainfall into the syrup of the cane. He feeds the world and clothes it as well. If the farmers by concerted action were to take a year's vacation, the trader, the artisan, the teacher and the members of the learned professions would soon be petitioning upon bended knees for their return to work. Those who are content to live without considering the source whence come the necessaries of life scarcely realize how dependent they are upon the farmer's brain and muscle. If the steak is tender it is because the farmer has by a wise selection cultivated good breeds, raised nutritious food, and, despite the heat or cold, brought the food in proper quantity and proportion to the animals whose flesh supplies the table. The flour in the bread is made from wheat that has to be sown and harvested, threshed and delivered at the railway station before it passes between the stones at the mill. The sugar that sweetens the tea and the coffee has its story to tell of the farmer's care and constancy, while the early vegetables testify to his vigilance and industry. And yet many who "fare sumptuously every day" give little thought to the farmer's labors.

Not only is the farmer the firm foundation upon which all other classes rest, but his vocation gives the broadest training to the threefold man. If civilization can be defined as the harmonious development of the human race, physically, mentally and morally, then agriculture is truly a civilizing agency. The field is better equipped than the gymnasium with the appliances necessary for physical training. All the muscles of the body are brought into play, and the air has a freshness and a wholesomeness that no system of ventilation can provide. The resident of the city finds that his daily exercise not only costs him money but costs him time, and he often takes it grudgingly and from a sense of duty. The farmer finds his exercise both useful and profitable. In the city there is little that a boy can do; on the farm there is employment for persons of every age — employment that does not overtax their strength and need not trespass upon their school hours.

That the farm gives a good foundation for mental training is evident to any one who has compared the school records of country boys with the school records of the boys in the cities. Habits of application, of industry and of thoroughness in school come naturally enough to one who has been trained to farm work. Not only does the farm furnish mental athletes for the city, but the average farmer possesses more information of general value than the average resident of a city. If he has not always read the latest fiction or the most sensational criminal news, he has generally read something fully as useful. The long evenings of the winter, the rainy days of the summer, and the Sabbath days throughout the year give him many hours for reading, and while at work he has more time for meditation and for the digestion of what he reads than those employed at other kinds of labor.

He is not afflicted with insomnia nor troubled with nervous prostration. He has the "sound mind in the sound body" which has been sought in every age.

Farm Life and Moral Growth

TO AN even greater extent is the farmer's occupation conducive to moral development. Bondaref, a Russian author much praised by Tolstoi, says: "It is physically impossible that true religious knowledge or pure morality should exist among any classes of a nation who do not work with their hands for their bread." To the farmer the miracle is of daily occurrence. The feeding of a multitude with a few loaves and fishes cannot mystify one who every spring watches the earth's awakening and estimates the millions who are to be supplied by the chemistry of the vegetable. Resurrection and immortality are easily understood by one who sees a harvest spring from buried grain, and the fruits of a new birth are easily comprehended by one who has watched the earth grow verdant beneath the smiles of a summer's sun. The parables of Christ, taken from every-day life, make plain to the farmer the Divine philosophy. He reads of the sower, and his own experience furnishes a parallel. He knows, too, how a tiny seed can grow into a great tree, and he has seen the tares side by side with the wheat. He is often called upon to exercise patience with the barren tree, and his faith increases as he follows the blade through all the stages of its development until he sees "the full corn in the ear."

The farmer, while gathering the fruits of his labor and enriching himself by adding to the world's wealth, learns the true basis of rewards. He learns to give a dollar's worth of work for a dollar's worth of product, and when he not only produces something, but improves the methods of production, he feels the satisfaction that comes when one makes a genuine contribution to the general welfare. The farmer feels a sense of proprietorship in the product of his labor that is not felt by one who produces as an employee or through an employee. It is this sense of proprietorship and independence that makes one feel, as he grows older, an increasing desire to own his own home, and to have enough land about him to give rest to his body, quiet to his mind and peace to his soul.

The child raised upon the farm has the advantage of occupation, and a great advantage it is — for "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" — and is shielded from the allurements of the city while good habits are being acquired and character is being formed.

It is not that farm life is without its temptations, but the influence of the father, the mother and the home have a greater field for operation, and parental authority is not here so strained to counteract the force of outside currents.

Did you ever go through a crowded tenement quarter on Sunday afternoon or at twilight in summer? One's heart aches at the sight of the thousands of little children whose only playground is the sidewalk and whose conceptions of an all-loving and merciful Heavenly Father must be dwarfed and deformed by the squalor and unhappiness about them. They breathe the dust-ladened and soot-poisoned air, and while this enfeebles their bodies, their minds and hearts are exposed to the contagion of the street and the alley.

Even in the cultivation of a taste for the æsthetic the country has its advantages. As some one has expressed it, "God made the country, man made the town"; there is a beauty in the handiwork of the Almighty which it is the pride of man to approach but not within his power to reach. A country landscape, with its hues that change with the seasons, cannot be transferred to paper or to canvas. Those who live their lives on narrow streets and have their vision limited by lofty walls miss the glowing tints of the dawn and the rich colorings that streak the west at sunset. They know not the invigorating breezes of the early morning, the music of the birds, or the lowing of the contented kine at nightfall. The cut flowers from the hothouse are not a perfect substitute for the buds that are cultivated by members of the family, and that seem to shed a richer fragrance because they are home grown and represent a care that can be measured.

The most laborious forms of farm labor, considering the quantity of work to be done, are plowing and harvesting grain, hay and corn. The riding plow has robbed one form of its excessive fatigue, the self-binder has supplanted the cradle, and the mower has taken the place of the scythe, while more recently the corn-cutter has not only lightened the work of gathering corn, but has made it possible to postpone the husking until winter, besides making it easier to save the fodder.

With improved breeds the pleasure of handling stock is largely increased. There is a satisfaction in raising the best kinds of cattle and the best specimens of the various breeds. Take the shorthorn, for instance — one of the best, if not the best, of the all-purpose breeds. One takes a pardonable pride in exhibiting such an animal and learns to admire its points of superiority. The shorthorn cow, giving, as she does, a fair quantity of milk of good quality, and raising large and easily-fattened calves, is a favorite with the small farmer. If to the herd a few Jerseys can be added the housewife rejoices in still richer milk. The Polled Jersey now has an association of its own and bids fair to rival the Jersey with horns. If one desires to add a dairy to his farm the Holstein is found valuable because of the quantity of milk given, while the Hereford, the Galloway and the Polled Angus are popular upon the range.

Hogs, though not noted for that virtue which is said to be next to godliness, are a necessary and profitable adjunct to the farm. They grow into money more rapidly than any other kind of stock, and excite an interest which their greediness cannot entirely destroy. The Poland China has long been a popular breed and still contests for public favor with the Durocs, the Berkshires and the Chester Whites.

Even more fascinating, if possible, is the poultry department of the farm. The numerous breeds give a wide range for taste, and no one can attend a poultry show without being convinced that the cultivation of barnyard fowls — they are called "birds" if they are of a fine breed — not only furnishes an enjoyable occupation but yields in the aggregate an enormous annual product. The Plymouth Rock is probably the most popular of the dual purpose fowls, although I think the White Wyandottes preferable, possibly for æsthetic rather than economic reasons, the white chickens looking well against a background of green grass, clover or alfalfa.

I have mentioned but two branches of farm work: the raising of stock (cattle and hogs) and the care of poultry. Many farmers make a specialty of horses — driving horses, riding horses, draft horses or race horses. Then the various kind of crops furnish an opportunity for experiments and investigation, while the garden is the pride of every rural household.

Horticulture is the handmaid of Agriculture and occupies a position of increasing importance. He who plants a tree plans for the future and gives evidence of his interest in posterity. Nor is such labor entirely unselfish, for fruit, grapes and berries, not travel-worn but fresh and wholesome, are a part of the farmer's reward. But enough has been said to indicate the breadth of the field that opens before one who is content to exchange honest labor for the products of the soil.

The Great Work of the Agricultural Colleges

THE agricultural colleges have made wonderful strides during recent years, and, with the experiment stations, are greatly extending the scientific knowledge of the young men who are preparing themselves for farm life. As these trained men establish themselves and begin to apply their knowledge we may expect to see the farms and farmhouses better cared for, the fertility of the soil better preserved by a rotation of crops, the stock better selected and better fed, and the yield of the farm increased by wise arrangement of the work. The agricultural experiment stations are becoming an important part of the Government's coöperative work. The expense of their experiments is borne by all and the results are free to all. In the case of an invention the patentee is given a monopoly for a term of years as a reward of his contribution to the welfare of society; sometimes the reward is exorbitant, and it often goes to speculators who advance money upon the patent, rather than to the patentee. Where encouragement is given to an industry by a bounty or tariff it is often given through favoritism and can be withdrawn only with great difficulty, but at the experiment stations the work is done by public officials for the benefit of the public.

There is a political reason just now why the work of the agricultural colleges should be heartily encouraged. The interests of the farmer have been neglected by the Government. Though the farmer has to pay more than his share of the taxes, measured by his income, the annual appropriations for the army and navy are at present more than thirty times as great as the appropriation for the Agricultural Department. The members of Congress are nearly all residents of the cities, and, without intending it, they naturally give more attention to the needs of the city than to the needs of the rural districts. Though this is true to a less extent of State officials and State Legislatures, still, even here the country does not have a representation in proportion to its voting strength. The better education of those who intend to farm will have a tendency to increase the proportion of farmer statesmen and to enlarge the agriculturist's share in the management of the Government. Prince Bismarck was a few years ago quoted as saying that the farmers must stand together and "protect themselves against the drones of society who produce nothing but laws." It is certainly true that the non-producers produce more law than the producers of wealth. The rapidly increasing interest taken in the work of agricultural colleges gives promise of a salutary change in this respect.

These colleges are also destined to perform an important work in teaching the dignity of labor. It has been too much the custom to regard the academy and the college as established for the professional classes only, and farm work has too frequently been left to those with inferior educational advantages. With better instruction and more complete college training the farmers of the next generation will emphasize the fact that an intelligent acquaintance with manual labor qualifies rather than unfits one for understanding the great industrial and social problems that press for solution. Tolstoi attributes most of the estrangement between the classes to lack of sympathy, and believes that sympathy can best be cultivated by a return to bread-labor—the primary struggle with Nature—each one doing enough manual labor to produce his own bread. If Tolstoi is correct, then the industrial schools in the cities and the agricultural colleges ought to exert a powerful influence in reconciling and harmonizing labor and capital.

A number of influences are at work which tend to add greatly to the attractiveness and enjoyment of country life, without robbing it of its distinctive advantages. The rural delivery, in addition to its great convenience, has already increased the amount of mail sent and received by farmers. The postal check and the extension of the parcel post will still further contribute to his welfare. The telegraph lessens by one-half the anxious hours of suspense between sickness or accident and the arrival of relief, besides putting the farmer into immediate communication with the telegraph office and with his neighbors. He can now arrange his shipments with less risk and can effect a considerable saving in time. The electric lines are bringing cheap and rapid transit to an ever-increasing proportion of the population and are destined to increase the value of suburban property at the expense of the tenement-house and the flat. Joint high schools, rural libraries and the delivery of children to and from the schoolhouse are improving the educational facilities in the country. The good roads movement is destined still further to augment the farmer's comfort and well-being by raising the mud embargo and making the carrying of crops possible, and social intercourse easier, during the wet months.

The manufacture of acetylene and other kinds of gas has been so perfected that it is possible for the farmer to equip his home at small expense with light equal to the gas of the cities, and the experiments now being made with alcohol give promise of a time when the prairie States can convert their corn and potatoes into alcohol and supply themselves with a material suitable for heating and illumination. With alcohol freed from the tax and made unfit for drinking, the Mississippi Valley will be quite independent of the oil trust and the anthracite coal trust.

The greatest convenience in city life is the water supply in the house. No woman who has enjoyed for a time the luxury of running water in the house can quite adjust herself to the old way of bringing water from the well or cistern. It is not surprising, therefore, to find a rapidly increasing number of farmers equipping their homes with a water system that furnishes water for the sink, the bathtub and the closet. For some time the tank in the attic was the only means of distributing water through the house, but the compressed air tank is rapidly taking its place. The attic tank, because of the possibility of freezing in the winter and leakage at any time, was always a source of anxiety. The compressed air tank can be placed in the basement, or outside underground, and answers every purpose. (Where the tank is placed underground it is best to have a space around it sufficient to permit inspection and repair.) In the prairie States the windmill is now employed to fill the tank, and when geared to work automatically the pressure can be kept at any point desired. Now that to the former advantages of the country home the conveniences of the city are being added, we may expect a reversal of the tendency toward an increase in the proportion of the urban population. If the tide turns, as it seems likely to, and the congestion of the city is relieved by the settling of adjacent fields and the reclamation of arid lands, it is difficult to estimate fully the effect upon the country. The municipal problems which are absorbing so much attention, the problems of sociology and the problems of government in general, will be made easier, and the foundation will be laid for a higher and more enduring national life. The bringing of the extremes of society nearer together and the cultivation of a more cordial, fraternal feeling will not be the least of the blessings to be hoped for from the improvements that are making farming more attractive and country life more inviting.

A Lingering Death

A MISSISSIPPI man is responsible for the following: "Alligators live a long time and it takes them a long time to die. Formerly, on the Tombigbee River, there was for years a log at a shallow landing, upon which passengers were in the habit of stepping in passing from the steamer to the shore. At last the 'log' turned out to be an alligator. His final dying agonies occurrred just as half a dozen passengers were walking along him to the bank. He heaved up, shook himself, and threw several ladies into the mud. One fat gentleman fell upon his hands and knees and the alligator spanked him so hard that the man flew through the air like a rocket and fell back upon the deck of the steamer. Imagine the surprise of those passengers! That alligator was twenty-four feet long and he had been five years dying."

The Mississippi negroes say that an alligator will sometimes prop his upper jaw on a stick about two feet high and go to sleep with his mouth open. Flies and other insects light upon the surface of the cool recess thus afforded, and frogs climb in after the flies. When the alligator has thus acquired a dainty mouthful he shuts his jaws and swallows.

HER EMPLOYER

The Story of a Young Woman Beginning Business

BY MARGARET WILSON

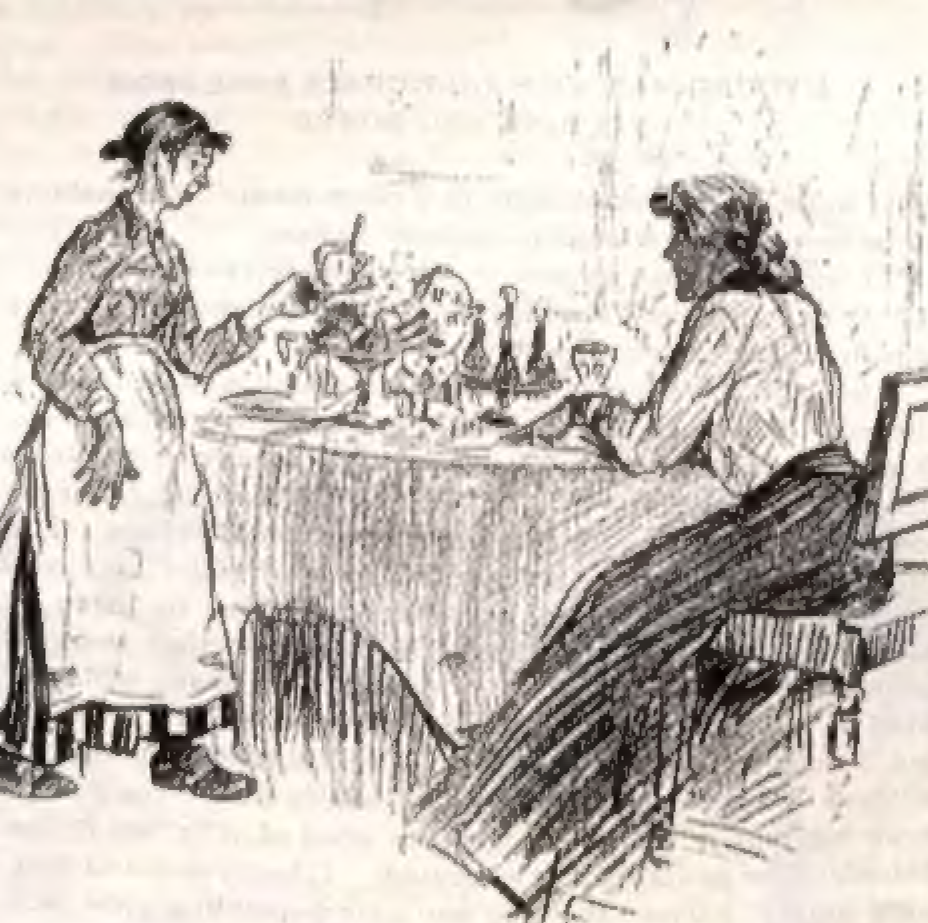
ANNE FEATHERSTONHAUGH looked at the man and shuddered—Anne, whose mother had never allowed her to come into unprotected contact with the fishmonger or the iceman. And this was her employer.

"Make yourself at home," he was saying. "You have the freedom of the hull office. Sayers Junior occupies this part." A young man with oily curls rose from his desk and bowed. "He's my nephew, and he's going to be a shining legal light, like his uncle. But he won't be much in your way. He's only published every little while, as they say in East Aurora; the rest of the time he spends in the solitoode of his own chamber, reading law. That right, Jim? Well, he don't clutter up the office much with his presence, anyhow. Now come round to the other side of these bookshelves and I'll introduce you to the rest of the establishment. Carrie, this is Miss Featherstonhaugh, the heiress to your throne. Here's the throne, Miss Featherstonhaugh," he said, indicating a wooden chair, from which a girl rose with a great clanking of wrist bangles and chatelaines. "Carrie's going to vacate it to marry a druggist uptown—one of our millionaires. Oh, he ain't, ain't he? Well, he's going to be after he buys borax at three cents a pound and sells it at fifteen cents an ounce some more. That's what we call dispensing. Oh, I know Charlie. I deal there."

Carrie tossed her head and laughed, displaying even little white teeth. She had a certain hard, bright prettiness, which Anne disliked on the spot.

"Now, I'll leave you two girls to git acquainted. Carrie's going to teach you all about the sacred mysteries of a law office and how to run a typewriter—also her own private system of shorthand, never made public before. Don't let her work you too hard. When you're at a loss for something to do please consider my library at your disposal; these tin boxes don't contain cake, or you'd be welcome to them, too."

He put a high silk hat on the back of his head, lit a cigar and went out.


May Wilson Preston 04.

IN A BOARDING-HOUSE THERE MAY BE DEEPS BELOW DEEPS OF DISCOMFORT

"Mr. Sayers is such a funny man!" Carrie said, looking after him admiringly. She turned to Anne and surveyed her from head to foot.

"You're awfully slight," was her verdict. "Do you lace? Of course your mourning takes away from your size and you're shorter then me, so it's hard to compare. Every one tells me I'm slender for my height. Do you think I am? What would you guess I measure?"

"I really don't know. Could we get to work at once, please. I'd like to have some idea what my duties here are to be."

Carrie gave her a sharp look. "Oh, very well," she said with a significant change of voice, "I'll teach you your duties right away," and a trying afternoon followed for this petted girl, who had never known harsher fault-finding than, "Anne, dear, you're sitting in a draft," or "You really shouldn't wear your eyes out over that music." By the time Mr. Sayers returned she was in a quiver of irritation, and his first words roused her to open revolt.

"Well, little one ——"

"I should like to be called Miss Featherstonhaugh, if you please."

"Well, well, don't git mad," he said comfortably, his big red face beaming upon her like a full moon. "I'd do a good deal to please you, but I've got a sore throat already making a gasp at that 'haugh' after I thought the whole name was out. It ain't a name for a lawyer's office, Featherstonhaugh ain't. I guess you'll have to be Miss F. in business hours."

Anne remembered a story she had heard of how her father quarreled with his younger brother because he gave up pronouncing the last syllable of his name, and how he cut his nephew altogether because he gave up spelling it. She felt she could quite understand it now.

"And look here, Miss F.," proceeded her employer, "I'm going to give you a pointer right now. It don't pay to git mad. Good-nature's the thing that pays best in this world. *Best*, mind you. Why, look at me. Twenty-five years ago I came to Canada, a lad of fifteen, with nothing but a hole in my pocket, and where am I now? At the top of the legal profession—and still with a hole in my pocket!" He produced a pocket from beneath his coat, with an inch of puffy forefinger protruding from it. "And what placed me on this lofty pinnacle?" he continued, flourishing the finger oratorically. "Nothing in the world but good-nature! What's that you're muttering, Carrie?

Conceit? Well, conceit may have helped; it never does a lawyer any harm, anyhow. But what are you ladies doing in the office at this hour?" he asked, pointing to the clock. "Can't you see what time it is? Get along home with you!"

Anne was glad to obey, although "home" to her meant a boarding-house. She wanted to be alone. She had been hardly used, and the need of the moment was to attach the blame somewhere. The false confidence fostered by an annuity? The forgetfulness of one who should have remembered that it would come to an end? Her loyalty would allow of no reproach to that memory. She ended by fixing her grievance upon her mother's old friend who had secured the situation for her; and she got his letter out to feed her resentment upon its misleading phrases.

"A man of sterling character . . . a little of a German, a little of an Irishman, and a good deal of an American, mixed in just the proportions to give the happiest results. . . . His standing in the profession is good, in spite of manners of speech that will cause you to wonder sometimes how he got his barrister's degree. . . . The life may not be what you would choose in every particular. It has certain advantages, however, not the least of which is the opportunity Mr. Sayers offers you of beginning work at once without preparatory training of any kind. Just now I can hear of no other opening that would suit you."

He might have said "for which you are fitted." That was the root of the matter, after all. She belonged to the great army of women who know how to do nothing, yet must do something. As she slowly and viciously tore the letter into little bits, she reminded herself that it was not for her to be fastidious.

That was the thought uppermost when she went back to work next day. Jim was not there and Mr. Sayers was in the inner office; she could devote all her fortitude to enduring Carrie. But Carrie did nothing to make endurance easy; Anne's first snub had nipped her ready friendliness in the bud. She gave directions with an air of authority that was as galling as she could make it; she watched the work so closely and with such incessant admonition and warning that Anne made mistakes from pure nervousness. Then she criticised unsparingly.

A comma crept into Anne's copy of one of those legal documents where nothing less than a period is permissible. Carrie pointed it out in a way that was too much for Anne's overtaxed temper.

"You will remember that Mr. Sayers is my employer—not you, Miss Wells," she said, and saw a moment too late the advantage she had given her enemy.

Carrie was quick to seize it. "Oh, very well," she said, going to the door of the inner office. "Mr. Sayers, will you kindly step this way?"

Mr. Sayers looked up from his writing and croaked, "In a minute," and presently appeared at the door, looking dull and abstracted.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Sayers," Carrie said, with icy sweetness, "but Miss Featherstonhaugh don't seem to think I'm competent to teach her; she says you're her employer. Now, Miss Featherstonhaugh, show him your copy and he'll tell you whether you're right or not. She don't think we use enough punctuation in this office, Mr. Sayers; she's going to reform us. Yesterday she taught me the right way to say 'petit jury.' It ain't 'petty'; it's 'petee.'"

The badgered Anne bit her lips. She was clutching impotently after old standards of behavior that would fit these utterly new exigencies.

"Well, Miss Featherstonhaugh," proceeded her tormentor, "you appealed to Mr Sayers; there he is."

"Girls, girls," croaked Mr. Sayers, "don't git to sparring, and spatting, and worrying, and nagging, and quarreling, like a pair of sparrows. What's a comma compared to the peace of the community? Tut, tut, why can't you be good-natured, like I am? Look here, girls, what do you think makes me so handsome? Nothing but good-nature. If you won't try it because it pays, try it because it'll improve your looks. Come now, kiss and be friends."

Carrie was laughing by this time. "If I was to try and kiss Miss Featherstonhaugh, I wonder what would happen. She doesn't desire my friendship."

"You are quite right, Miss Wells." The repressed feeling of the whole morning was in Anne's tones.

Mr. Sayers groaned. "There are moments," he muttered as if to himself, "when a man wishes to be alone—and this is one of them." He pulled out his watch. "Cummings *vs.* Miller will be called in ten minutes; I must go. Carrie, I wonder if you could finish that work I was at—outlining the evidence—just notes of the salient points, to serve as a guide. You've got a head on you; I guess you can do it. If Jim comes in send him over with it; if he don't will you bring it over yourself, there's a good girl."

"Of course I will, Mr. Sayers. I love going into the court-room. I just hope you'll be examining a witness when I go; I like to hear the way you make them say exactly what you want. And you don't bully them into it, either, like Haycroft."

"Miss Featherstonhaugh might come with you, so she'll know the way when you are gone. It's sad to think of it, Carrie; you'll be gone soon. But we'll never forgit you."

The girls walked to the court-house in the silence of an armed truce. Once within, however, Carrie was so interested that she forgot they were not friends.

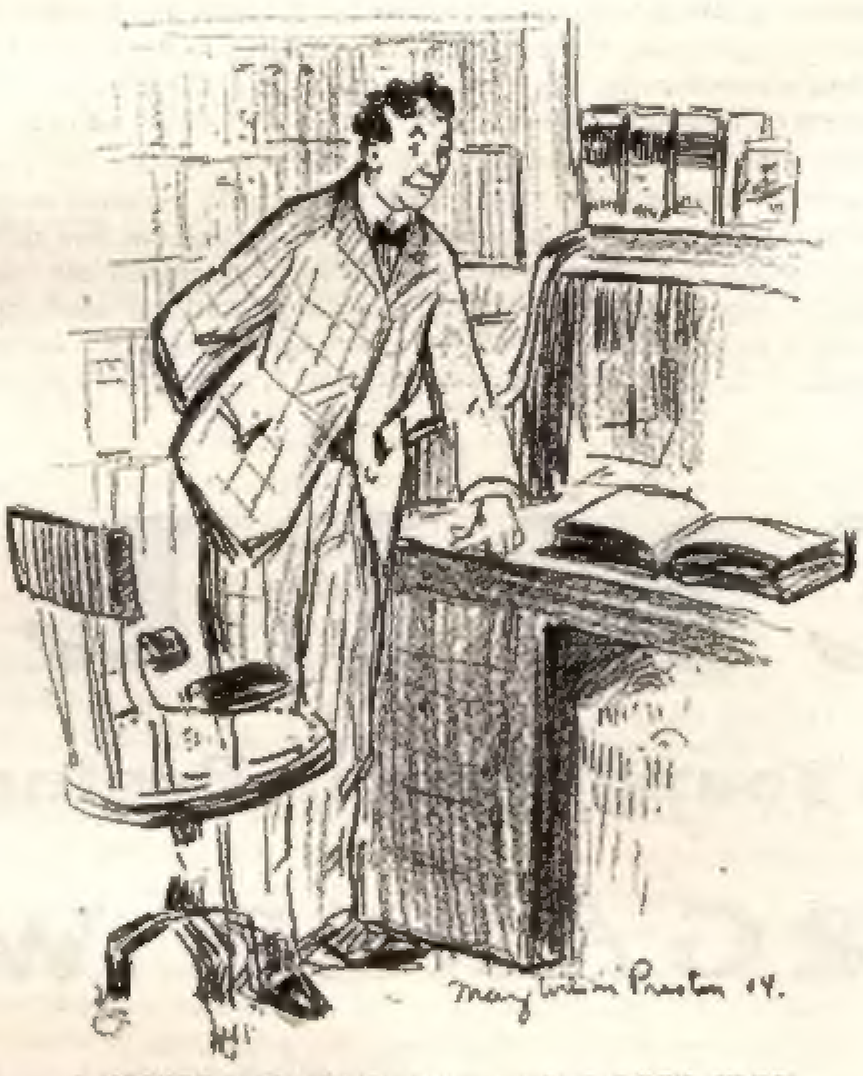
"That's Haycroft, the plaintiff's lawyer," she whispered. "Listen, and you'll hear the nasty, cutting things he says about our side."

Anne listened, and for the first time in many weeks took a little pleasure in life.

"My learned friend has told you that you could purchase a hull herd of genuwine sacred zebus for what the plaintiff wants for his cow. . . . Do not allow yourselves to be carried away by the polished eloquence of the defendant's counsel; as he would say himself, 'let's git down to facts.' . . . Allow me to quote again from my learned friend—and his diction is so striking and original that I shall quote *verbatim*—'It wasn't us that was made for the statute books; the statute books was made for us.'"

Anne glanced at the victim of this scarcely veiled ridicule. Even a child can recognize his own defects of speech when they are quoted by another. But if Mr. Sayers winced he did not show it; she feared he did not feel anything. She looked at the jurymen; every face of the twelve wore an expression half puzzled, half distrustful. The same expression was on most of the faces in the audience. One man was listening with an appreciative twinkle of the eye, which commended him to Anne until Carrie pointed him out as the speaker's junior partner.

The language became too technical to follow. She looked out over the treetops and thought of other treetops seen from other windows. Then the strangeness of it all struck her. She, Anne Featherstonhaugh, in a court-room! And nobody to be surprised or shocked—nobody to care.


Mary Wilson Preston 04.

A YOUNG MAN WITH OILY CURLS ROSE FROM HIS DESK AND BOWED

"I suppose I may go now," she whispered to Carrie.

"Wait a minute; Mr. Sayers is going to speak." Carrie was fluttering with excitement.

When Mr. Sayers rose to his feet his face was heavy and lifeless. When he began to speak his voice was a croak. It soon warmed into a mellow huskiness, however; the lines deepened between the rolls of fat in cheeks and chin, his eyes lost their dullness, and a rich smile overspread his face. The jurymen moved in their seats with a look of relief and contentment, as if they were settling themselves to listen to something they understood and liked. Soon they were all grinning broadly. Sayers was entertaining them with the kind of humor they had learned to expect from him. It was not humor of the highest order; it could not be reproduced without an apologetic rider to the effect that "you had to hear him say it himself to get the good of it"; but it was genial. The geniality was what told. It fairly radiated from him, until it warmed the jury into a corresponding glow, and disposed it, as one could see, very kindly toward the speaker.

Anne left the court-room while he was speaking. She was glad to find the general luncheon over at her boarding-house, and sorry when her solitary meal was interrupted by the appearance of her landlady in the door between the kitchen and the dining-room.

"I thought I'd come and sit by you and get the news," Mrs. Ferrit said, putting back the stray locks of her untidy gray hair. "Is Sayers goin' to get Miller off of payin' for that cow?"

"I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid I can't tell you anything about it."

"Oh!" Mrs. Ferrit looked disappointed. "I thought being in Mr. Sayers' office you might know. But Sayers'll win. He always does when there's a jury. They say as soon as the cow went through the footbridge Cummings told some one he was goin' to make Miller pay for not mendin' it—said he'd go in by the early train and secure Sayers. But Miller didn't wait for no train. He walked and got in an hour ahead. Most generally both sides try to get Sayers to take a case. Haycroft's clever, too—they do say he's cleverer than Sayers. But he's awfully sarcastic," and Mrs. Ferrit's face wore the look of dissatisfaction Anne had observed on the faces of jurymen and spectators in the court-room. "Sarcasm is not popular with the masses," she concluded silently.

Mrs. Ferrit heaped her plate with cold meat and fried potatoes. "Mr. Sayers is an awfully nice man, ain't he?" she said with a sudden gleam of friendliness in her mean little eyes.

"Really, my acquaintance with him is slight yet ——"

"Well, I never knew anybody take two whole days to make up their mind about Mr. Sayers. Everybody that's ever worked for him has liked him. He's the kindest man. I can tell you it's him you have to thank that you're as comfortable as you are."

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Ferrit."

"Well, I don't mind telling you just what passed between us yesterday when I met him on my way to the market. He said, 'I believe you've got the little girl that's going to run my typewriter for a boarder, Mrs. Ferrit, and I'll take it as a personal favor if you make her as comfortable as you can. At the best, this is a change for her,' says he; 'she ain't used to makin' her own way in the world.' 'I don't believe she's fit for it, Mr. Sayers,' says I. 'Don't you be alarmed, Mrs. Ferrit,' says he. 'She's no bigger'n a minnow, but she's got grit. I know grit when I see it. She'll pull through,' says he, 'but there's rough times ahead of her, for she's shy and she's proud and she's been used to an easy life. Now, it wouldn't do no harm, Mrs. Ferrit, if you was to add the little touches that make a boarding-house feel like home. It wouldn't cost no more, either,' says he with a wink. And that's how you come by all the little extra comforts," concluded Mrs. Ferrit. "There's not many people in this town wouldn't go out of their way to do Mr. Sayers a personal favor if it lay in their power."

"I didn't know that I was receiving comforts not included in my bill," Anne began, and then she leaned back in her chair and laughed hysterically. "I'm really at a loss to know what they can be," she added with sincere wonder.

"There's gratitude for you!" Mrs. Ferrit exclaimed, her eyes snapping ominously. "Didn't I see to your coffee with my own hands this morning so's it would be hot and strong, and didn't I bring it to you in my own china cup?" and she proceeded to tell about other boarding-houses she knew where Anne would have found the table cleared an hour after lunch-time. But Anne sat suddenly upright, and said in a tone that closed the conversation:

"In future, Mrs. Ferrit, give me what I pay for and no more. It was impertinent of Mr. Sayers to interfere."

"Just as you please, Miss Featherstonhaugh," said her landlady, leaving the table with an angry flutter of her soiled print wrapper. Next morning, when the servant brought her coffee in a thick and chipped stoneware cup, splashing it into her saucer on the way, Anne was forced to admit that in a boarding-house there may be deeps below deeps of discomfort.

It provoked her that her employer did not seem to observe an additional frigidity in her manner after this. He spent most of the following week at the court-house and in his brief visits to the office his own geniality determined the climate there.

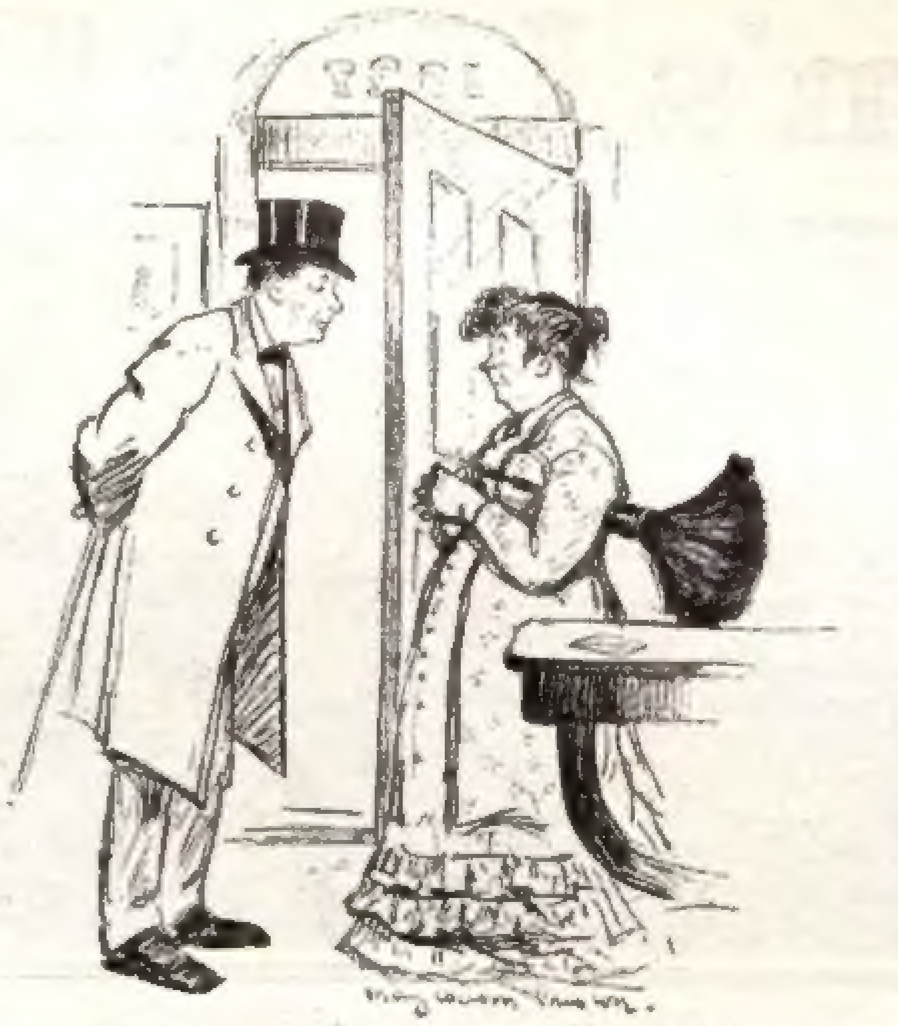
He was in court one morning, his nephew, as usual, was absent, and Carrie went out to order some office supplies. For the first time Anne had the office to herself. It was cool and spacious, and the high walls, lined with tier upon tier of leather-bound books, gave it an air of studious retirement; without its occupants Anne felt that she could almost like it. Steps sounded along the passage. As she sat idly wondering which of the three she most hoped it would *not* turn out to be the door was pushed open and a well-built, clean-shaven young fellow hurried in, with his eyes bent upon the sheaf of papers in his hand. Anne recognized Mr. Haycroft's partner.

"Can I get some stamps in a hurry, Miss Wells?" he asked. His manner was quite respectful, but when he looked up and discovered his mistake there was a change in it that delicately recognized the difference between Miss Wells and Anne. "Excuse me; I thought I should find Miss Wells here. Perhaps *you* could kindly give me some law stamps."

Anne could not have believed that merely to be addressed in the manner to which she had always been accustomed would bring on a rush of homesickness—the sad homesickness of the homeless. Her eyelids turned burning hot. She was glad to hide for a moment in the vault, and when she returned with the book containing sheets of stamps between its pages she was thankful that the young lawyer kept his eyes from her face and busied himself attaching the stamps to his papers as she gave them to him.

"A fifty-cent, please, now two ten-cents, a two-dollar, a four-dollar, one, two, three, four, five ones, another fifty, a seventy. That's right, thank you. What does it all come to?"

He had paid for the stamps and left the office, and Anne was about to put the book and money-box back in the safe



"SHE NEVER WAS COMMUNICATIVE. PERHAPS SHE'S GONE BACK WHERE SHE CAME FROM"

when she took another look at the list of figures she had hastily jotted down. She thought she saw a mistake in the addition, but before she could make sure Carrie came in.

"I met young Thorne on the steps. What did he want? Stamps? You'll have them all crumpled up if you leave them sticking out of the book like that. I hope you made a note of what you gave him and what he paid. Let me see if it's right."

But Anne had discovered that it was not right, and with a vague idea that she could make it right afterward and that just now the only important thing was that Carrie should not know, she had twice changed a five to a three while Carrie was hanging up her hat.

"What's that? 'Five one-dollars, five dollars' or 'three one-dollars, three dollars?' Three? Well, I don't believe Mr. Sayers can make it out. You'd better write it plainer. And then you can go; there's nothing more for you to do to-day."

Anne went to her boarding-house and shut herself into her little bedroom, where the walls were so close together that her thoughts seemed to beat back upon her. Young people do not wish for death so often as they think they do; but Anne was really wishing for it now, for herself and all her contemporaries, and several generations after them. Nothing less could bury her disgrace deeply enough. She was stunned with surprise. The Anne Featherstonhaugh she had known—the Anne of the dear, safe, uneventful old life—would never have done that thing. To be sitting here, freezing and burning with fear of *being found out*—and by such people as Carrie and Mr. Sayers! It was too ridiculous! It was too terrible!

When she arrived at the office next morning young Thorne was coming out. Her first thought was that the error had been discovered, but hope revived a little when Thorne put his head in at the door again to say, "Don't be too jubilant over Cummings *vs.* Miller, Mr. Sayers; we're going to beat you yet, if we have to carry it to the foot of the throne." He almost ran into Anne when he turned. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he said. "I've just been in to rectify the mistake we made yesterday. Mr. Sayers tells me you discovered it too." He held the door open for her to pass in and shut it behind her, cutting off all chance of retreat.

She found the outer office empty. Mr. Sayers' voice came from the inner office.

"Now don't get excited, Carrie. What's that? Well, what are you after?"

Carrie's voice came from the vault. The words were not distinguishable. Then Mr. Sayers' deliberate tones:

"Oh, yes, I see. But I don't want you to explain. Hand me that paper. Hand—me—that—paper! Now, Carrie, you're a good little girl, but you've one fault; you want to be the cook and the mate and the captain bold of the hull outfit, and you ain't big enough. You ain't big enough. *I'll* explain to *you* about that paper. The little one fixed it for a mare's nest, to trip you up, and then she come to me with a private explanation. You made her mad with your bossy ways, and she wanted to git even."

"That's not true, Mr. Sayers, and it wasn't true what you said to Thorne. You're trying to screen that high and mighty young lady, who feels herself too good for me and you and all of us, but ain't too good to falsify accounts." Carrie's voice rose ever higher. Mr. Sayers' tones were like the bass viol following the oboe.

"Of course it's not the truth. Did you ever know me to tell the truth when I didn't have to? Lying's as easy to a lawyer as rolling off a log. A lawyer ain't got no conscience; he has no use for it. Of course it's not the truth, but it's the story me and the little one's going to fix up for you, if you don't hold your tongue, and it'll turn the laugh on you, never fear. To think you've been all this time in my office, and haven't learned to hold your tongue yet! No, it ain't the truth, but I'm going to tell you the truth now, so listen well. You nagged at that poor lonesome young thing and worried her and riled her till you got her into that state of mind that it was impossible to say, 'I made a mistake.' There's the truth for you! Now I'll tell you what you'll do, Carrie. You just put on your hat and jacket and go out and enjoy this fine spring sunshine; it'll do you good. Take an open car and ride out to Eastboro; you'll feel different when you come back."

They emerged from the inner office, Mr. Sayers with his hand on Carrie's shoulder, pushing her forward. His face did not change when he saw that Anne was there, but Carrie stopped short and sent her a look that scorched her. Without apparent effort, Mr. Sayers kept her from looking in that direction again.

"We're going to give Carrie a half holiday," he explained. "She's as cross as two sticks to-day, and I don't want her in my office with a frown on her pretty face. Put on your jacket, Carrie. Who runs this show, you or me? Me, I guess, to-day. Here, get into this jacket. Now, don't git mad and stick the hatpin into that massive brain of yours. You go and git Charlie to take you to Eastboro, and tell him I said to give you ice cream in the garden—two saucers, with all the trimmings. Tell him to do it up handsome; it's my treat."

He pushed Carrie out of the door and stood holding it open and looking after her. "Whew! I'd rather fight all the Crown Prosecutors in the Dominion than one woman! Women are the very——" he closed the door and turned to Anne. "I mean," he concluded smoothly, "women are the very nicest things in the world."

If he intended by his nonsense to relieve the situation of its strain, one glance at her face must have told him that it was not to be done. His own face changed. He looked at her with eyes that were searching, but fatherly and kind—the kindness of a surgeon who sees that he must probe a wound before he can give relief.

He had the unlucky memorandum in his hand. "Here, burn it," he said, holding it out to her. Anne took it and tried to speak, but her throat felt parched and dry. "You needn't say a word," he went on. "I know all about it. It didn't come out right and you changed some of the figures to make it come out right and then you wasted a hull night wishing you hadn't. And just about now you feel fit for the company of defaulting bank managers and absconding clerks. Well, you ain't a mite more dishonest than you were before you did it. When you git to the corner of Emmet and Cathcart Streets on your way uptown you'll see a fifty-pound weight hanging from a plate mended with somebody or other's glue. Now, that ain't no real test. You just take and wash that plate and when you're drying it give it the gentlest little wiggle, and there it is—one-half in each hand. That's the way with you. You wouldn't stoop to pick up a million dollars if it was lying at your feet, but Carrie gave the little wiggle that found the weak spot out. 'Am I going to be humiliated by a girl like that?' said you. Now, take her the right way and Carrie isn't such a bad little girl—if she does wear bangles and say ain't. Eh?" as Anne started and looked at him in surprise. He pointed his huge forefinger at her. "Oh, I know you! Do you think I can't see this establishment with your eyes? Why, the boss' own brand of English don't suit you any better. Well, I might fix it up a little, that's a fact; only you see I'd be afraid of gittin' into the habit of addressing juries in gilt-edged language, and they wouldn't like it. The plain speech of the people's what they want from me. Now, don't say 'What an old humbug!' There's no humbug about it. This is my own native grammar; I begun to use it forty years ago, since which time I have used no other."

He paused, but Anne still sat silent. "Now, we've gone to the bottom of this affair," he went on, "and that's to be the end of it. E, n, d, end. Do you understand? Well, why don't you quit looking troubled then? Do you think I'm going to have any one round this office that looks as if she knew she was a genuwine black-hearted desperado? It'd ruin my practice in a week. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll hypnotize you, so's the first thing you know you'll forgit how wicked you are."

He waved his hands about with a pretence of making hypnotic passes, at the same time smiling one of his richest smiles and beaming upon her with eyes full of good-will; and ridiculous as it seemed, Anne had a sense of a lightened load; the blood came back into her lips and she could smile.

"Ah, that's right," her employer said; "now you'll find you'll never worry about that little matter again. You'll sleep like a baby to-night, and in the morning you'll rise as fresh as one of Mrs. Ferrit's breakfast rolls. You'll wonder what in the world you were fretting about yesterday. Look here." His voice changed. "You're pretty small to be all alone in the world. I'm going to take care of you. I'm going to be your Fairy Godfather. Perhaps we'd better say Good Ogre—I don't believe you have imagination enough for the Fairy Godfather. Well, call me what you like, I'm going to protect you, anyway. I know what it feels like to play a lone-hand on a ten and an ace; I did it younger than you and with more of the trumps against me. If you haven't heard it already, Miss F., you soon will hear why my poor father came to Canada and why he shot himself next day. They don't lay it up against me, but they don't forgit it. . . . Yes, I'm going to protect you whether you like it or not, but I don't mind admitting that it would be easier if I knew you hadn't no objection. What do you say, little one?"

Anne held out her hand, and when the fat fingers closed over it in a hearty grasp she did not shudder. Her surrender was complete.

"That's all right. Now I must be off," and Mr. Sayers took out his cigar-case. "When Jim comes in tell him I want him right away at the Court House; you have the hull business of the firm on your hands for the morning. Here's the key of the safe."

And in the quiet of the office, where solitude seemed emphasized by the shelves full of books that had nothing to say to her, Anne sat that morning and reconstructed her universe. It was a humiliating process, but the result was peace.

Her employer's meditations as he walked up the street were far from peaceful. His hat was pushed off his forehead and he was puffing furiously at a cigar.

"It won't do," he was thinking; "that little girl has got to have a home of her own and somebody to take care of her. This is too much of a change from the sheltered life; might as well blow up a soap-bubble good and thin and then use it for a punching bag. Now, let me see. Who am I going to marry her to? There's young Thorne. He says 'sugject' and 'clark' and 'figyure,' just the way she does. How would he do?"

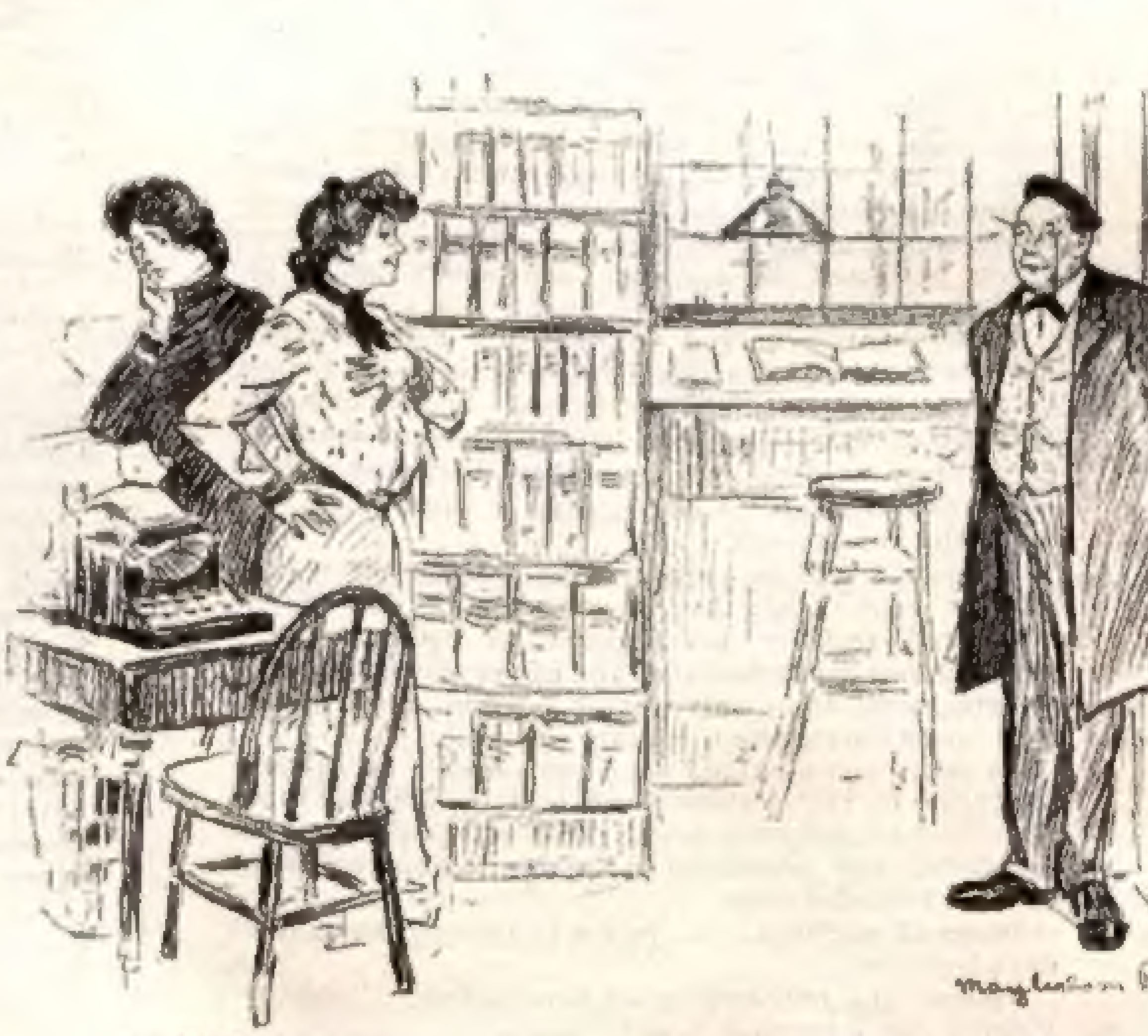
He narrowed his eyes critically, as if the idea had been conjured into visible shape before him. His sense of fitness was satisfied, and yet he frowned.

"It ain't a business I'd go into for the fun of the thing—match-making ain't," he said to himself; "and if I did, these two ain't the raw material I'd select. They're not what you'd call combustible, either of them. But when a man appoints himself somebody's guardian he's got to think of duty as well as pleasure."

Here he was stopped by an anxious client with a lawsuit on hand, who wished to have some doubts settled that had arisen in his mind overnight.

Sayers patted him on the back. "Don't you worry, my son," he said, and his mellow tones were reassuring. "We're going to succeed all right enough. With a case like yours we couldn't fail if we tried, but this is a firm that don't deal much in failures anyhow. It ain't our meteor, as we used to say in Paris, dear Paree."

"No," he pondered, when the client had gone on his way, comforted, "we're not much given to failing in the office of Henry B. Sayers, and if we go into this match-making



"YESTERDAY SHE TAUGHT ME THE RIGHT WAY TO SAY 'PETIT JURY.' IT AIN'T 'PETTY'; IT'S 'PETEE'"

(Continued on Page 18)

Uncle Sam's Last Big Lottery

PHOTO. BY [illegible]

A TYPICAL SOUTH DAKOTA FARM SCENE

The August Allotment of Homesteads in South Dakota

BY F. A. MILLER

WHEN President Roosevelt signed the proclamation opening the Sioux Indian lands of the Rosebud Reservation, in South Dakota, he made possible the transformation of 382,000 acres of wild and uncultivated land into one of the most productive and quickly populated sections of farm land in the United States. That this possibility is already realized and that all previous records for travel to a new "land of promise" will be broken by the Rosebud movement, in July of this year, is clearly apparent from the great number of inquiries received by the United States Land Office at Chamberlain, South Dakota, and by the Western railroads.

Probably never before in the history of the Northwest has there been an equal interest in the opening to settlement of any other tract of Government lands. The reasons for this intense interest are not far to seek. The cities of the East and the Central West are closely crowded. These centres of population contain a large class of discontented inhabitants, a struggling multitude weary of the dreary turmoil and competition of the denser communities. They are anxious to acquire farms of their own, the products of which will support them in comfort, provide for their children, and insure for themselves, in their declining years, a substantial competency. Perhaps a still larger class attracted to the opening of the Rosebud Reservation is recruited from the juniors of the American farmers. Certainly the junior farmer will be numerously in evidence and will make a model settler. His father has done well and prospered on a farm in one of the Central States, and would gladly give each of his boys a good start on the highway to independence; but he finds that land in their home county has quadrupled in value since he "settled," and that to buy farms there for his sons does not appear to be the wisest investment. The opening of Uncle Sam's big land lottery, however, offers an ideal opportunity for the farmer's son. Trained on the home farm, backed with sufficient capital to make his first payment of one dollar an acre on 160 acres, and perhaps double that amount for necessary buildings, implements and other items of equipment, he starts under peculiar advantages in a State whose fertile farms have given it a preëminent rank.

In a recent letter to me, Governor Charles N. Herreid, of South Dakota, concisely covered the subject under consideration in these words:

"Here the fortunate homeseeker may secure some of the best land in the Northwest. Here homes may be established, not in some far-off wilderness, but adjacent to organized, prosperous communities, having the advantages of modern rural civilization. On every quarter section (of Rosebud Reservation land) before next Thanksgiving Day will be found some enterprising homesteader. Several houses and churches will spring up as if by magic. The hunting grounds of the Indian braves will soon be the scene of marvelous activity and prosperity.

"During the last six years South Dakota has produced annually more wealth per capita than any other State in the Union. Why? Because we have the energy, intelligence, enterprise and natural advantages."

Land on the Installment Plan

UNCLE SAM, evidently imbued with the spirit of the times, has provided that the sale of these newest bargains shall be made upon the modern installment, or "easy-payment," plan. "A dollar down and seventy-five cents a year on each acre, for four years," in a general way covers the advertisement of this Federal installment offering. No fee whatever is required to register for one of the quarter-section land bargains; but those who are fortunate in the drawing and make "final entry" must pay the land office fees, amounting to fourteen dollars, for 160 acres, in addition to the first payment of one dollar an acre.

In the opening of the Rosebud Reservation there will be no picturesque and chaotic race from the border line, with horses, bicycles and automobiles as pacemakers. Uncle Sam has tried this undignified and barbaric experiment in opening other reservations and has decided to submit the question of selection to chance rather than to speed and violence. To those who anticipate a mighty rush and a quick grab for the best lands he will say: "Back to the land office! There will be no race to-day."

It is unnecessary to quote the act of Congress or the President's proclamation opening the Rosebud Reservation to settlement in order to show just what must be done to obtain one of these farms of 160 acres. The clearest statement of all the rules and qualifications comes from the Government Land Commissioner at Chamberlain, South Dakota, and is, in brief, as follows:

> None but persons qualified to make entry will be permitted to register for the Rosebud lands in Gregory County, South Dakota.
>
> Qualifications to make a homestead are: Not the owner of more than 160 acres of land in any State or Territory; a citizen of the United States, native born or naturalized by first or second papers; over the age of twenty-one years or the head of a family; *bona fide* intentions to make entry and comply with the homestead laws of the United States for own use and benefit *and not directly or indirectly for the use or benefit of any other person;* has not since August 30, 1890, entered under the public land laws of the United States a quantity of land which, with a legal homestead, would make more than 320 acres; has not heretofore perfected or abandoned an entry under the homestead laws of the United States.
>
> Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors of the Civil or Spanish-American Wars, or their widows, may, by power of attorney, appoint an agent and furnish him with a copy of discharge or other competent evidence of military service and honorable discharge. Such agent can register for one person so appointing him only, and for himself.
>
> No person will be permitted to register more than once, or in any other than his true name. Any person who shall transfer his registration certificate will thereby lose all benefits of the registration, and will be precluded from entering or settling upon any of said lands during the first sixty days.
>
> As soon as registered each person will be given a certificate of registration which will entitle him to go upon and examine the land. This certificate must be preserved and presented with application by those entitled to make entry.
>
> Dates of registration—July 5 to July 23, 1904, both days inclusive.
>
> Places of registration—Chamberlain, Yankton, Fairfax and Bonesteel, South Dakota.
>
> Manner of registration—In person at the time and places mentioned.
>
> Drawing for right of entry begins July 28, 1904, at Chamberlain, and continues until the names of all persons registered have been drawn. Each person will be notified by postal-card, at the address given by him when he registers, of the drawing of his name, and of the time he must present his application to make entry.
>
> The drawing will be under the supervision and management of the Secretary of the Interior, through the Commissioner of the General Land Office, and a committee appointed by him. Every safeguard to insure fairness will be adopted. It is not essential that persons registered shall be present at the drawing unless they wish. No one will gain or lose anything by the time, place or order of his registration.
>
> Persons whose names are drawn thereby secure the right to make selection of the lands, and homestead entry therefore, in the order of drawing, beginning with number one.
>
> Entries begin August 8, 1904, at nine o'clock A. M., at Bonesteel, South Dakota. The names of the first 100 drawn will be called on that day; the second 100 on the following day, and in like manner 100 on each day until the lands are exhausted.
>
> If at the time of considering his regular application to make entry it shall be found that any applicant is disqualified from making homestead entry his application will be rejected, notwithstanding his prior registration.
>
> Within six months after making entry the homestead claimant must establish a residence in a house on his claim, and thereafter reside continuously upon the land and cultivate the same for the period of five years.
>
> No fee whatever is required at the time of registration. Each person must procure and execute the proper and necessary papers for registration, for which notaries and other proper officers will be permitted to make a reasonable charge of twenty-five cents for each person. The executed papers must be presented by the person to the registering officer.
>
> Those who become entitled by the drawing to make entry must, at the time of filing their homestead applications, pay the land office fees, which amount to fourteen dollars for 160 acres, and in addition thereto one dollar per acre for the amount of land embraced in the application. The fee for a soldier's declaratory statement is two dollars, payable at the time of filing the same, which must be in the order of the drawing.
>
> At the end of two years, three years, four years, and within six months after the expiration of five years respectively from the date of making entry, the claimant must pay seventy-five cents per acre for the land embraced in his entry. Default in any payment at the time it becomes due forfeits all right to the land, and the entry will be canceled.
>
> At any time after fourteen months of continuous residence and cultivation any person who shall have made a homestead entry for the lands in question may make a commutation proof upon such entry, upon payment of the balance of the purchase price for the land then remaining unpaid, the land office fees and commissions, and, in addition thereto, one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre for the land, for the privilege of such commutation. Upon lands filed upon within the first three months after August 8, 1904, the commutation price will be five dollars and twenty-five cents per acre, besides fees and commissions.
>
> No person will be allowed to settle upon any of the Rosebud lands until after October 8, 1904, except those who shall make entry therefor pursuant to the act and proclamation.

"Is it worth while?" do you ask? A thousand times "Yes!" The Government has surrounded its bargain counter with only such conditions as will keep away those who would speculate in its generosity. The provisions given above are all for the interest of the honest homeseeker who would in good faith follow Horace Greeley's famous advice. When the reader considers that the Rosebud lands are bounded on three sides by splendidly developed farm lands, with communities of well-to-do farmers owning substantial and permanent homes and farms valued at fifteen dollars to thirty-five dollars an acre, he can best judge of the rich promise the immediate future holds in store for the settler on the Rosebud Reservation lands.

What the Country is Like

THE country to be opened is adapted to diversified farming. The land is too valuable to be used to any extent for grazing. Those who wish land for a cattle range would do well to go directly west of Chamberlain, South Dakota, in Lyman County, where 400,000 acres of land are now open to homestead entry.

General farming in South Dakota includes the growing of corn, wheat, oats, hay, barley, rye, flax, of potatoes and other vegetables, and of fruits, the raising of poultry and the pursuit of dairying.

Gently undulating prairie land forms about half of the tract to be opened; the other half is rough and broken. The bottom lands along the Missouri River and the lands near the numerous large creeks are narrow and the land is rough. Back from the river the uplands are 700 to 800 feet above the level of the Missouri River, or about 2000 feet above sea level.

With the exception of about a dozen sandy sections, all of the 382,000 acres are well adapted to farming. Near the Missouri River the soil consists of a loose but rich black loam, free from sand or "grit," and underlaid by a loose yellow clay. The entire reservation is well watered from numerous creeks, rivers and many permanent springs. On the uplands an abundant supply of water is furnished from tubular wells, and flowing artesian wells have been sunk along the Missouri and Whetstone rivers. Along all the streams considerable timber is found. Rainfall is ample, and the climate is most delightful being identical with that of the eastern parts of South Dakota and Nebraska and northwestern Iowa. As a rule, little snow falls before the holidays, and cattle and horses find green grass until December. The long Indian summer gives opportunity to care for all crops during pleasant weather. The heavy falls of snow during midwinter are followed by sunshine. No greater tribute could be paid South Dakota climate than to state that thousands of cattle subsist through the entire winter without shelter or without food other than the grass of the prairies.

It is natural for the prospective settler to indulge in the fancy of drawing first choice in Uncle Sam's last big lottery and prospectively to build not merely a castle but an entire city. And yet there are populous towns and cities already built on the land recently opened to settlement in the Territory of Oklahoma. Those who are fortunate enough to secure, at an initial cost of one dollar an acre, the sites on which the towns of the Rosebud tract will be founded undoubtedly will win a rich prize.

Is there any way by which these town sites can be foretold? None that I know of — personal inspection of the reservation and a study of its local geography ought best to fit the settler to choose the land he wishes when his name is drawn "out of the hat" at Chamberlain in July. There are but 2400 quarter-sections on the Rosebud Reservation to be given out by Uncle Sam; the number who have already indicated an intention to register for these lands is more than 25,000. It is altogether probable that many who register but are not "lucky on the draw" will take up less valuable homesteads in Lyman County or make other settlement in South Dakota. Such an increase in the population means more than an increase in the number of farmers and cattlemen. There will be a corresponding demand for carpenters, blacksmiths and other tradespeople. The sudden transformation of an Indian reservation into a civilized agricultural community presents unusual opportunities for success in every important trade, calling and profession.

The Rosebud Reservation will be opened without scenes of disorder. The abolition of the grand rush is a wise precaution to that end. Steps have been taken to prevent congestion of transportation facilities and to save the towns of Chamberlain, Yankton, Geddes, Platte and others from having their populations multiplied many times during one or two days at the time of registry. The railroads, instead of making low rates for one or two days only, announce them for every day from July 1 to 23, inclusive, with a return limit on the tickets of August 31.

How to Get There

FOR transportation to the reservation from the nearest towns hundreds of horses and carriages have been secured. The distances vary from six to twenty miles. As Chamberlain, Geddes, Platte and Yankton have for five years been central points in South Dakota land movements their stage lines and livery facilities will be equal to the demand. Many settlers in going to the Reservation will go directly from the Government Land Office at Chamberlain to the Reservation by boat down the Missouri River. Five steamboats will make this trip of thirty miles down stream and provide an easy means of access for those who do not care to ride or drive by road.

To appreciate the prospective development of the present Indian tract it is worth while to consider what South Dakota, outside the reservation, has done in recent years.

South Dakota is long on wealth but short on people. For the sixth consecutive year South Dakota in 1903 led all other States in the Union in the production of per capita wealth. This is a good sign for the prospective settler, who naturally prefers to avoid communities that are crowded and lands that do not yield rich and profitable returns.

South Dakota is larger by one-fourth than the area of all the New England States, but its population is only about half a million people, or approximately six to the square mile.

In studying the 1903 crop report of South Dakota one is impressed with these returns of new wealth produced: Live stock, $35,950,164; wheat, $29,422,900; corn, $15,819,200; hay and fodder, $13,840,000; minerals, stone and cement, $10,000,000. The fact that the 1903 table of products amounts to $14,939,264 more than the 1902 total shows by what bounds the Sunshine State has been leaping forward. With the development of lands now held by the Indians, and with the anticipated increase in population this year, the production of new wealth during the next five years will undoubtedly make even the rapid progress of the last few years appear slow by comparison.

HURRICANE ISLAND

By H. B. Marriott Watson

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CHAPTER XV—(CONCLUDED)

IN AN instant the corridor was full of noises. The mutineers were on us, but they had divided their forces and were coming at different quarters. It remained to be seen at which spot their main attack was to be delivered. I put my revolver through one of the holes we had drilled in the door, and fired. It was impossible to say if my shot took effect, but I hoped so, and I heard the sound of Lane's repeater at the farther end. The blows on the door were redoubled, and it seemed to me to be yielding. I emptied two more cartridges through the hole at a venture, and that one went home I knew, since I had touched a body with the muzzle as I pulled the trigger. Ellison was on guard in the saloon below and Grant and the cook in the music saloon; and I judged from the sounds that reached me in the mêlée that they, also, were at work. By this time Barraclough and Jackson and the Prince had arrived on the scene, the last with a lantern which he swung over his head. Barraclough joined me, and Jackson was dispatched to grope his way into the saloon to assist Ellison. The Prince himself took his station with Lane, and I heard the noise of his weapon several times. My door had not yet given way, but I was afraid of those swinging blows, and both Barraclough and I continued to fire. The corridor filled with smoke and the smell of powder.

"Do you think he's made up his mind to get through here?" asked Barraclough.

"I don't know," I shouted back. "He's attacking in three places, at any rate. We can't afford to neglect any one of them."

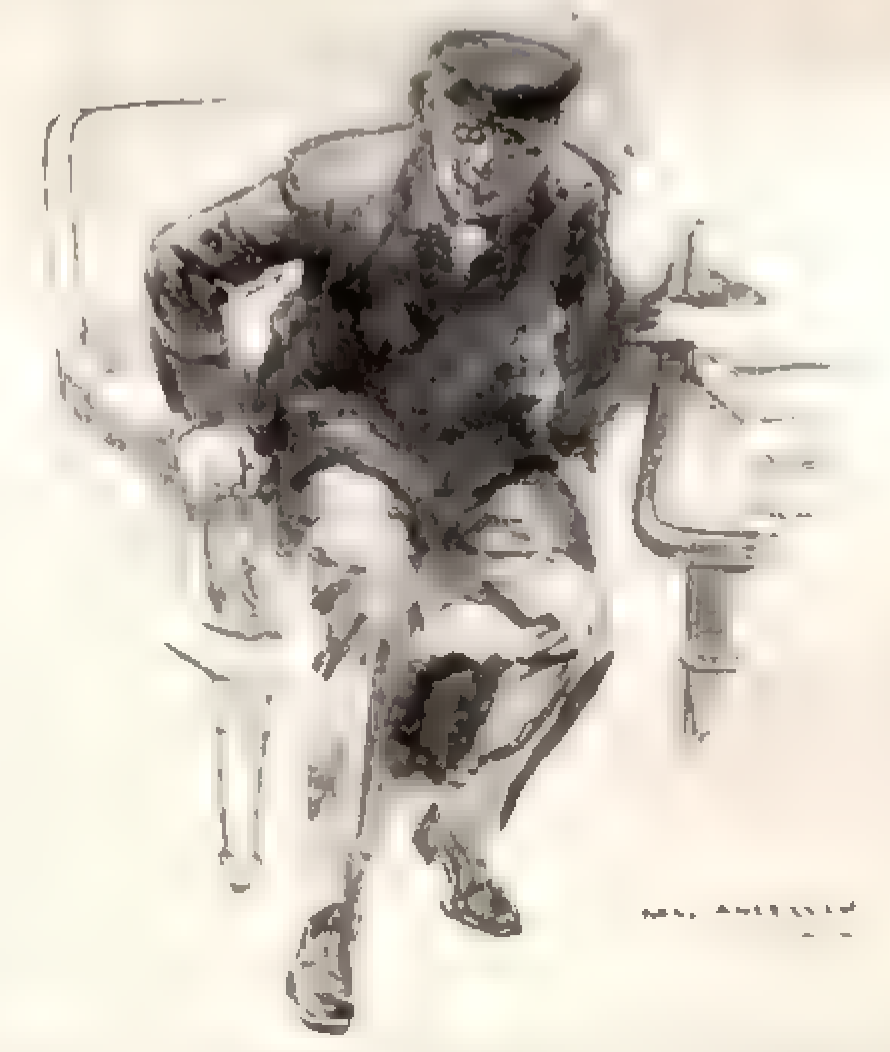
"D——n this darkness," he exclaimed furiously. "Oh, for an hour of dawn!"

The blows descended on the door, but still it held, and I began to wonder why. Surely a body of men with axes should have destroyed the flimsy boards by this time. It looked as if this was not the real objective of the attack. I sprang to the bolt and was drawing it when Barraclough called out, for he could see me in the dim light of the lantern:

"Good Heavens, man, are you mad?"

"No," I called back. "Stand ready to fire. I believe there's practically no one behind this." And having now released the bolt, I flung open the door. Simultaneously Barraclough fired through the open darkness, and a body took the deck heavily, floundering on the threshold. The rest was silence. No one was visible or audible. But at my feet lay two bodies.

* * *



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" EXCLAIMED THE PRINCE, RISING

"I thought so," I said excitedly. "This was mere bluff. And so is the attack on Lane's door. See, there's no force there. I will settle that."

I delivered a pistol shot along the deck in the direction of some shadows, and retreated, bolting the door behind me.

"Where is it?" gasped Barraclough, out of breath.

"One at each door will do," said I. "Fetch Lane here. I think it's the music-room. You and I had better get there as fast as we can."

Without disputing my assumption of authority he ran down the corridor and explained our discovery, returning presently with Lane. Then we made for the music-room.

It was pitch black on the stairs, but we groped our way through, guided by the sounds within. Barraclough struck a match and shed a light on the scene. For an instant it flared and spluttered, discovering to us the situation in that cockpit. The place was a shambles. Grant was at bay in a corner, the cook lay dead, and half a dozen mutineers were struggling in the foreground with some persons I could not see, while through the broken boards of the windows other men were climbing. With an oath Barraclough dropped his match and rushed forward. My revolver had barked as he did so, and one of the ruffians who was crawling through the window toppled head first into the saloon. But the darkness hampered us, for it was impossible to tell who was friend or enemy, and I believe it had hampered the mutineers also, or they must have triumphed long ere this. I engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with some one who gripped me by the throat and struck at me with a knife. I felt it rip along my shoulder, and a throb of pain jumped in my arm. But the next moment I had him underfoot and had used the last cartridge in my chamber.

"Where are you, Grant, Barraclough, Ellison?" I called out, and I heard above the din of oaths and feet and bumping a voice call hoarsely to me. Whose it was I could not say; and upon that came an exclamation of pain, or a cry.

With the frenzy of the lust of blood upon me I seized some one and drove my revolver heavily into his skull. I threw another man to the floor from behind, and was then suddenly seized as in the grasp of a vise. I turned about and struggled fiercely, and together my assailant and I rocked and rolled from point to point. Neither of us had any weapon, it appeared, and all that we could do was to struggle in that mutual tenacious grip and trust to chance. I felt myself growing weaker, but I did not relax my hold, and, indeed, came to the conclusion that if I was to survive it must be by making a superhuman effort. With all the force of my muscles and the weight of my body I pushed my man forward, at the same time striving to bend him backward. He gave way a little and struck the railings that surrounded the well of the saloon, bumping along them heavily. Then, recovering, he exerted all his strength against me, and we swayed together. Suddenly there was a crack in my ears, the rail parted asunder, and we both toppled over into space. A thud followed which seemed to be in my very brain, and then I knew nothing.

When I was next capable of taking in impressions with my senses I was aware of a great stillness. Vacantly my mind groped its way back to the past, and I recalled that I had fallen, and must be now in the saloon. Immediately on that, I was conscious that I was resting upon some still body, which must be that of my opponent, who had fallen under me. What had happened? I could hear no sounds of any conflict in progress. Had the enemy taken possession of the staterooms, and were all of our party prisoners or dead? I rose painfully into a sitting posture, and put out a hand to guide myself. It fell on a quiet face. The man was dead.

It was with infinite difficulty that I got to my feet, sore, aching and dizzy, and groped my way to the wall. Which way was I to go? Which way led out? The only sound I seemed to hear was the regular thumping of the screw below me, which was almost as if it had been in the arteries of my head, beating in consonance with my heart. Then an idea struck me, flooding me with horror, and bracing my shattered nerves. The Princess! I had promised to go to her if all was lost. I had betrayed my trust

As I thought this I staggered down the saloon, clutching the wall, and came abruptly against a pillar which supported the balcony above. Hence I let myself go at a venture, and walked into the closed door forthright. Congratulating myself on my luck I turned the handle and passed into the darkness of the passages beyond And now a sound of voices flowed toward me, voices raised in some excitement, and I could perceive a light some way along the passage in the direction of the officers' cabins. As I stood waiting, irresolute, not knowing if these were friends or foes, and fearing the latter, a man emerged toward me with a lantern.

"If that fool would only switch on the light it would be easier," he said in a voice which I did not recognize. But the face over the lantern was familiar to me. It was Pierce, the murderer of McCrae, and the chief figure, after Holgate, in that bloody mutiny and massacre. I shrank back behind the half-open door, but he did not see me. He had turned and gone back with an angry exclamation.

"Stand away there," I heard in a voice of authority, and I knew the voice this time.

It was Holgate's. The mutineers had the ship.

What, then, had become of the Prince's party? What fate had enveloped them? I waited no longer, but staggered rather than slipped out of the saloon and groped in the darkness toward the stairs. Once on them I pulled myself up by the balustrade until I reached the landing where the entrance hall gave on the staterooms. I was panting; I was aching, every bone seemed broken in my body, and I had no weapon. How was I to face the ruffians who might be in possession of the rooms? I tried the handle of the door, but it was locked. I knocked, and then knocked louder with my knuckles Was it possible that some one remained alive? Summoning my wits to my aid I gave the signal which had been used by me on previous occasions on returning from my expeditions. There was a pause; then a key turned; the door opened, and I fell forward into the corridor.

CHAPTER XVI—PYE

I LOOKED up into Barraclough's face.

"Then you're all right," I said weakly, "and the Princess ——"

"We've held these rooms, and, by Heaven, will keep 'em," said he vigorously.

I saw now that his left arm was in a sling, but my gaze wandered afield under the lantern in search of others.

"The Prince and the Princess are safe," said he in explanation. "But it's been a bad business for us. We've lost the cook, Jackson and Grant, and that little beggar, Pye."

I breathed a sigh of relief at his first words, and then, as I took in the remainder of his sentence, "What! is Pye dead?"

"Well, he's missing, anyway," said Barraclough indifferently, "but he's not much loss."

"Perhaps he's in his cabin. He locked himself in earlier," I said. "Give me an arm, like a good fellow. I'm winged and I'm all bruises. I fell into the saloon."

"Gad, is that so?" said he. And I was aware that some one else was listening near. I raised my head, and, taking Barraclough's hand, looked round. It was Princess Alix. I could make her out from her figure, but I could not see her face.

"You have broken an arm?" she said quickly.

"It is not so bad as that, Miss Morland," I answered. "I got a scrape on the shoulder, and the fall dazed me."

I was now on my feet again, and Barraclough dropped me into a chair. "They got in by the windows of the music-room," I said.

"Yes," he assented. "Ellison and Jackson ran up from the saloon on the alarm, apparently just in time to meet the rush. Ellison's bad—bullet in the groin."

"I must see to him," I said, struggling up. A hand pressed me gently on the shoulder, and even so I winced with pain.

"You must not go yet," said the Princess. "There is yourself to consider. You are not fit."

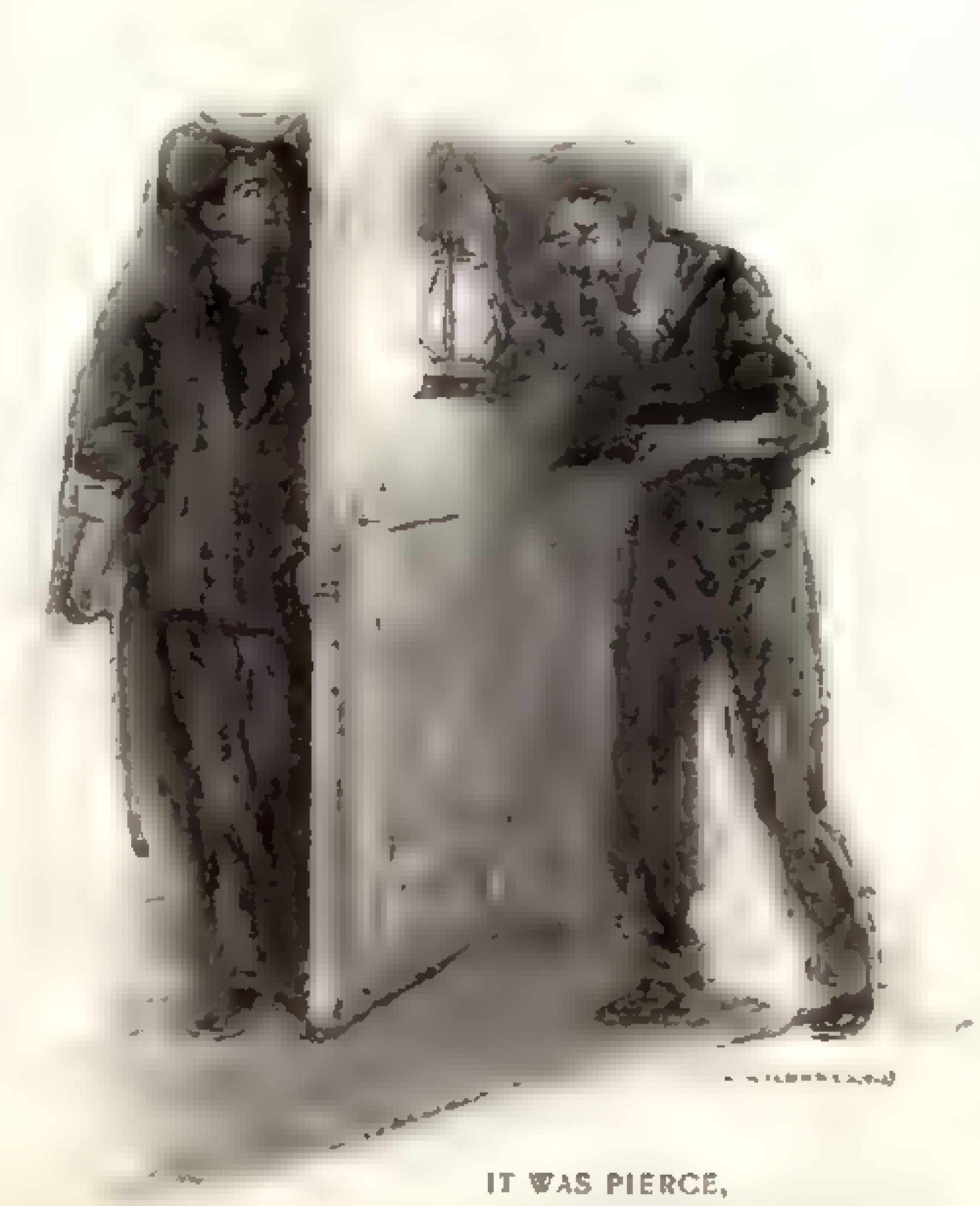
I looked past her toward the windows, some of which had been unbarred in the conflict.

"I fear I can't afford to be an invalid," I said. "There is so much to do. I will lie up presently, Miss Morland. If Sir John will be good enough to get me my bag, which is in the ante-chamber. I think I can make up on what I have."

Barraclough departed silently, and I was alone with the Princess.

"I did not come," I said; "I betrayed my trust"

She came a little nearer to my seat. "You would have come if there had been danger," she said earnestly. "Yet why do we argue thus, when death is everywhere? Three honest men have perished, and we are nearer home by so much"



IT WAS PIERCE,
THE MURDERER OF McCRAE

"Home!" said I, wondering.

"Yes, I mean home," she said in a quick, low voice "Don't think that I am a mere foolish woman. I have always seen the end; and sometimes it appears to me that we are wasting time in fighting. I know what threatens, what must fall, and I thank God I am prepared for it. See, did I not show you before?" And here she laid her hand upon her bosom, which was heaving

I shook my head. "You are wrong," said I feebly; "there is nothing certain yet. Think, I beg you, how many chances God scatters in this world, and how to turn a corner, to pause a moment may change the face of probability. A breath, a wind, the escape of a jet of steam, a valve astray, a jagged rock in the ocean, the murmur of a voice, a handshake—anything the least in this world may cause the greatest revolution on earth. No, Miss Morland, you must not give up hope."

"I will not," she said. "I will hope on, but I am ready for the worst."

"And the Prince?" I asked

"I think he has changed much of late," she said slowly. "He is altered. Yet I do think he, too, is ready. The prison closes upon us."

She had endured so bravely, that delicate nature had breasted so nobly these savage perils and mischances, that it was no wonder her fortitude had now given way. But that occasion was the only time she exhibited anything in common with the strange fatalism of her brother, of which I must say something presently. It was the only time I knew that intrepid girl to fail, and even then she failed with dignity.

Barraclough returned with my bag, and I selected from it what I wanted. I knew that, beyond bruises and shock, there was little the matter with me, and for that I must thank the chance that had flung me on the body of my assailant and not underneath it. There was need of me at that crisis, as I felt, and it was no hour for the respectable and judicious methods of ordinary practice. I had to get myself up to the norm of physique, and I did so.

"Well," said Lane, who had been attending to Ellison, "they've appropriated the cokernut. It wasn't my fault, for the beggars kept me and the Prince busy at the door, and then, before you could say knife they were off. A mean, dirty trick's what I call it!"

"Oh, that's in the campaign," I said; "and what said the Prince?"

"Swore like a private in the line—at least, I took it for swearing, for it was German. And then we ran as hard as we could split down to the row, but it was too late. There wasn't any one left; all was over save the shouting."

"Then the Prince is well?" I asked

"Not a scratch on him, old man," said the efflorescent Lane; "and he's writing like blue blazes in his cabin."

What was he writing? Was that dull blue eye eloquent of fate? When he should be afoot what did he at his desk? Even as I pondered this question a high voice fluted through the corridor, and a door opened with a bang. It was mademoiselle. She dashed across, a flutter of skirts and a flurry of agitation, and disappeared into the apartments occupied by the Prince. Princess Alix stood on the threshold with a disturbed look upon her face.

"She's gone to raise Cain," said Lane with a grimace.

"We've got enough Cain already," said I, and walked to the window opposite. Dawn was now flowing slowly into the sky, and objects stood out grayly in a gray mist. From the deck a noise broke loudly, and Lane joined us.

"An attack," said he. "They're bound to have us now"

I said nothing. Barraclough was listening at the farther end, and I think Princess Alix had turned her attention from mademoiselle. I heard Holgate's voice lifted quite calmly in the racket.

"It's death to two, at all events; so let me know who makes choice. You, Garrison?"

"Let's finish the job," cried a voice; "we've had enough," and there was an outcry of applause.

Immediately on that there was a loud rapping on the door near us.

"When I've played my cards and fail, gentlemen," said Holgate's voice, "I'll resign the game into your hands."

"What is it?" shouted Barraclough, "fire and be damned."

"You mistake, Sir John," called out Holgate. "We're not anxious for another scrap. We've got our belly full. All we want is a little matter that can be settled amicably. I won't ask you to open, for I can't quite trust the tempers of my friends here. But if you can hear me please say so."

"I hear," said Barraclough.

"That's all right, then. I won't offer to come in, for William Tell may be knocking about. We can talk straight out here. We want the contents of those safes—that's all—a mere modest request in the circumstances."

"You've got the safes," shouted Barraclough; "let us alone"

"Softly, Sir John, Bart.," said the mutineer. "The safes are there safe enough, but there's nothing in 'em. You've got back on us this time, by thunder, you have. And the beauty of the game was its simplicity Well, here's terms again, since we're bound to do it in style of plenipotentiaries Give us the contents of the safes, and I'll land you on the coast here within ten hours with a week's provisions"

There was a moment's pause on this and Barraclough looked toward me in the dim light, as if he would ask my advice.

"They've got the safes," he said in perplexity. "This is more treachery, I suppose."

"Shoot 'em," said Lane furiously. "Don't trust the brutes"

"Wait a bit," said I hurriedly; "don't let's be rash. We had better call Mr. Morland. There's something behind this. Tell them that we will answer presently."

Barraclough shouted the necessary statement, and I hurried off to the Prince's cabin. I knocked, and entered abruptly. Mademoiselle sat in a chair with a face suffused with tears, her pretty head bowed in her hands. She looked up.

"What are we to do, Doctor? The Prince says we must fight. But there is another way, is there not?" she said in French. "Surely we can make peace. I will make peace myself. This agitates my nerves, this fighting and the dead, and oh, Frederic, you must make peace."

The Prince sat, awkwardly silent, his eyes blinking and his mouth twitching. What he had said I know not, but despite the heaviness of his appearance he looked abjectly miserable.

"It is not possible, Yvonne," he said hoarsely; "these men must be handed over to justice."

I confess I had some sympathy with mademoiselle at the moment, so obstinately stupid was this obsession of his. To talk of handing the mutineers over to justice when we were within an ace of our end, and death knocking on the door!

"The men, sir, wish to parley with you," I said somewhat brusquely. "They are without and offer terms."

He got up. "Ah, they are being defeated," he said, and nodded. "Our resistance is too much for them." I could not have contradicted him just then, for it would probably have led to an explosion on the lady's part. But it came upon me to wonder if the Prince knew anything of the contents of the safes. They were his, and he had a right to remove them. Had he? I couldn't blame him if he had. He walked out with a ceremonious bow to mademoiselle, and I followed. She had dried her eyes, and was looking at me eagerly. She passed into the corridor in front of me, and pressed forward to where Barraclough and Lane stood.

"The mutineers, sir, offer terms," said Barraclough to the Prince. "They propose that if we hand over the contents of the safes we shall be landed on the coast with a week's provisions."

The Prince gazed stolidly and stupidly at his officer.

"I do not understand," said he. "The scoundrels are in possession of the safes."

"That is precisely what we should all have supposed," I said dryly. "But it seems they are not."

"Look here, Holgate," called out Barraclough after a moment's silence. "Are we to understand that you have not got the safes open?"

It seemed odd questioning a burglar as to his success, but the position made it necessary.

"We have the safes open right enough," called Holgate hoarsely, "but there's nothing there—they're just empty. And so if you'll be so good as to fork out the swag, Captain, we'll make a deal on the terms I have said."

"It is a lie. They have everything," said the Prince angrily.

"Then why the deuce are they here, and what are they playing at?" said Barraclough frowning.

"Only a pretty little game of baccarat. Oh, my hat!" said Lane.

"It seems to me that there's a good deal more in this than is apparent," I said. "The safes were full and the strong-room was secure. We are most of us witnesses to that. But what has happened? I think, Sir John, it would be well if we asked the—Mr. Morland forthwith if he has removed his property. He has a key."

"No, sir, I have not interfered," said the Prince emphatically. "I committed my property to the charge of this ship and to her officers. I have not interfered."

Barraclough and I looked at each other. Lane whistled, and his color deepened.

"There, Doctor, that's where I come in. I told you so. That's a give-away for me about the other key we had."

"Had!" exclaimed the Prince, turning on him abruptly.

"Yes," said Lane with sheepish surliness. "I was telling the doctor about it not long ago. My key's gone off my bunch. I found it out just now. Some one's poached it."

The Prince's eyes gleamed ferociously, as if he would have sprung on the little purser, who slunk against the wall sullenly.

"When did you miss it?" asked Barraclough sharply.

"Oh, about an hour and a half ago," said Lane in an offhand way.

"He has stolen it. He is the thief," thundered the Prince.

Lane glanced up at him with a scowl. "Oh, talk your head off," said he moodily, "I don't care if you're Prince or potboy. We're all on a level here, and we're not thieves."

Each one looked at the other. "We're cornered," said Barraclough. "It will make 'em mad if they haven't got that. There's no chance of a bargain."

"It is not my desire there should be any bargain," said the Prince stiffly.

Barraclough shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. But it was plain to all that we were in a hole. The mutineers were probably infuriated by finding the treasure gone, and at any moment might renew their attack. There was but a small prospect that we could hold out against them.

"We must tell them," said I; "at least we must come to some arrangement with them. The question is whether we shall pretend to fall in with their wishes, or at least feign to have what they want. It will give us time, but how long?"

"There is no sense in that," remarked Prince Frederic in his autocratic way. "We will send them about their business and let them do what they can."

"Sir, you forget the ladies," I said boldly.

"Doctor Phillimore, I forget nothing," he replied formally. "But will you be good enough to tell me what the advantage of postponing the discovery will be?"

Well, when it came to the point I really did not know. It was wholly a desire to delay, an instinct in favor of procrastination, that influenced me. I shrank from the risks of an assault in our weakened state. I struggled with my answer:

"It is only to gain time."

"And what then?" he inquired coldly.

I shrugged my shoulders as Sir John had shrugged his. This was common-sense carried to the verge of insanity. There must fall a time when there is no further room for reasoning, and surely it had come now.

"You will be good enough to inform the mutineers, Sir John Barraclough," pursued the Prince, having thus silenced me, "that we have not the treasure they are in search of, and that undoubtedly it is already in their hands, or in the hands of some of them, possibly by the assistance of confederates," with which his eyes slowed round to Lane.

The words, foolish beyond conception, as I deemed them, suddenly struck home to me. "Some of them!" If the Prince had not shifted his treasure certainly Lane had not. I knew enough of the purser to go bail for him in such a case. And he had lost his key. I think it was, perhaps, the mere mention of confederates that set my wits to work, and what directed them to Pye I know not.

"Wait one moment," said I, putting a hand on Barraclough; "I'd like to ask a question before you precipitate war," and raising my voice I cried, "Is Holgate there?"

"Yes, Doctor, and waiting for an answer. But I've got some tigers behind me."

"Then, what's become of Pye?" I asked loudly.

There was a perceptible pause ere the reply came: "Can't you find him?"

"No," said I. "He was last seen in his cabin about midnight, when he locked himself in."

"Well, no doubt he's there now," said Holgate with a fat laugh. "And a wise man, too. I always betted on the little cockney's astuteness. But, Doctor, if you don't hurry up I fear we shall want sky pilots along."

"What is this? Why are you preventing my orders being carried out?" asked the Prince bluffly.

I fell back. "Do as you will," said I. "Our lives are in your hands."

Barraclough shouted the answer dictated to him, and there came a sound of angry voices from the other side of the door. An ax descended on it, and it shivered.

"Stand by there," said Barraclough sharply, and Lane closed up.

Ouside the noise continued, but no further blow was struck, and at last Holgate's voice was raised again.

"We will give you till eight o'clock this evening, Captain, and good-day to you. If you part with the goods then I'll keep my promise and put you ashore in the morning. If not——" He went off without finishing his sentence.

"He will not keep his promise; oh, he won't," said a tense voice in my ear, and, turning, I beheld the Princess.

"That is not the trouble," said I as low as she. "It is that we have not the treasure, and we are supposed to be in possession of it."

"Who has it?" she asked quickly.

"Your brother denies that he has shifted it, but the mutineers undoubtedly found it gone. It is an unfathomed secret so far."

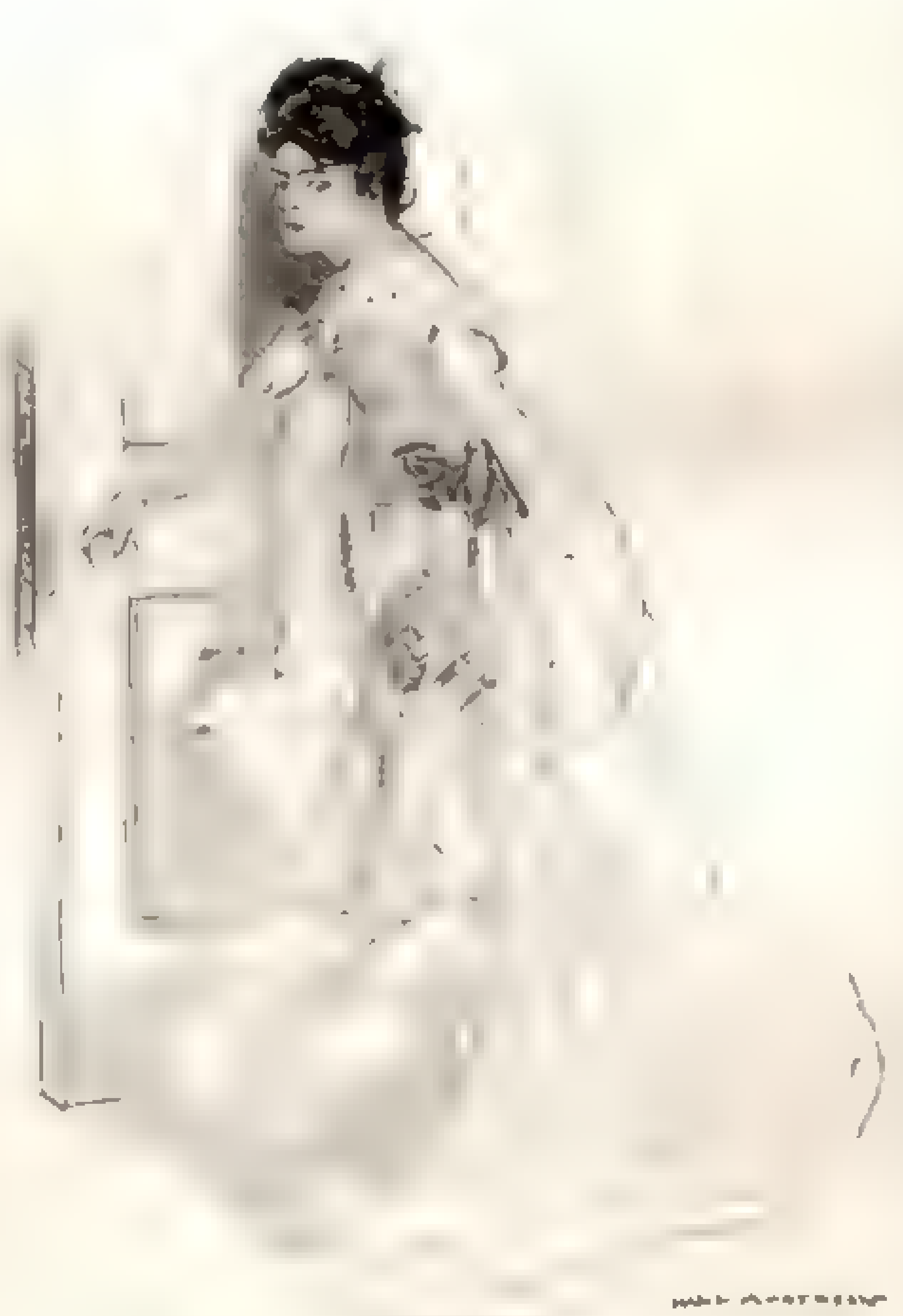
"But," she said looking at me eagerly, "you have a suspicion."

"It is none of us," I said with an embracing glance.

"That need not be said," she replied quickly. "I know honest men."

She continued to hold me with her interrogating eyes, and an answer was indirectly wrung from me.

"I should like to know where Pye is," I said.



SHE DASHED ACROSS, A FLUTTER OF SKIRTS AND A FLURRY OF AGITATION

She took this, not unnaturally, as an evasion. "But he's of no use," she said. "You have told me so. We have seen so together."

It was pleasant to be coupled with her in that way, even in that moment of wonder and fear. I stared across at the door which gave access to the stairs of the saloon.

"It is possible they have left no one down below," I said musingly.

She followed my meaning this time. "Oh, you must not venture it," she said. "It would be foolhardy. You have run risks enough, and you are wounded."

"Miss Morland," I answered, "this is a time when we can hardly stop to consider. Everything hinges on the next few hours. I say it to you frankly, and I will remember my promise this time."

"You remembered it before. You would have come," she said with a sudden burst of emotion; and, somehow, I was glad. I liked her faith in me.

"What do you make of it?" said Barraclough to me.

I shook my head. "I'll tell you later when I've thought it over," I answered. "At present I'm bewildered—also shocked. I've had a startler, Barraclough." He stared at me. "I'll walk round it and see. But I don't know if it will get us any farther."

"There's only one thing that will do that," said he significantly.

"You mean——"

"We must make this sanguinary beast compromise. If he will land us somewhere——"

"Oh, he won't," I said. "I've no faith in him."

"Well, if they haven't the treasure they may make terms to get it," he said in perplexity.

"*If* they have not," I said. He looked at me. "The question is, who has the treasure?" I continued.

"Good Heavens, man, if you know—speak out," he said impatiently.

"When I know I'll speak," I said, "but I will say this much, that whoever is ignorant of its whereabouts, Holgate isn't."

"I give it up," said Barraclough.

"Unhappily it won't give us up," I rejoined. "We are to be attacked this evening if we don't part with what we haven't got."

He walked away, apparently in despair of arriving at any conclusion by continuing the conversation. I went toward the door, for I still had my idea. I wondered if there was anything in it. Princess Alix had moved away on the approach of Sir John, but now she interrupted me.

"You're not going?" she asked anxiously.

"My surgery is below," said I; "I must get some things from it."

She hesitated. "Won't—wouldn't that man Holgate let you have them? You are running too great a risk."

"That is my safety," I said smiling. "I go down. If no one is there so much the better; if some one crops up I have my excuse. The risk is not great. Will you be good enough to bar the door after me?"

This was not quite true, but it served my purpose. She let me pass, looking after me with wondering eyes. I unlocked the door and went out into the lobby that gave on the staircase. There was no sound audible above the noises of the ship. I descended firmly, my hand on the butt of a revolver I had picked up. No one was visible at the entrance to the saloon. I turned up one of the passages toward my own cabin. I entered the surgery and shut the door. As I was looking for what I wanted, or might want, I formulated my chain of reflections. Here they are:

The key had been stolen from Lane. It could only have been stolen by some one in our part of the ship, since the purser had not ventured among the enemy.

Who had stolen it?

Here was a break, but my links began a little further on, in this way:

If the person who had stolen the key, the traitor that is in our camp, had acted in his own interests alone both parties were at a loss. But that was not the hypothesis to which I leaned. If, on the other hand, the traitor had acted in Holgate's interests, who was he?

Before I could continue my chain to the end I had something to do, a search to make. I left the surgery noiselessly and passed along the alley to Pye's cabin. The handle turned and the door gave. I opened it. No one was there.

That settled my links for me. The man whom I had encountered in the fog at the foot of the bridge was the man who was in communication with Holgate. That pitiful little coward, whose stomach had turned at the sight of blood, and on the assault of the desperadoes, was their creature. As these thoughts flashed through my mind it went back further in a leap of memory. I recalled the room in the Three Tuns on that dirty November evening; I saw Holgate and the little clerk facing each other across the table, and myself drinking wine with them. There was the place in which I had made the third officer's acquaintance, and that had been brought about by Pye. There, too, I had first heard of Prince Frederic of Hochburg; and back into my memory flashed the stranger's talk, the little clerk's stare, and Holgate's frown. The conspiracy had been hatched then. Its roots had gone deep then; from that moment the Sea Queen and her owner had been doomed.

I turned and left the cabin abruptly, and soon was knocking with the concocted signal on the door. Barraclough admitted me.

"I have it," said I. "Let's find the Prince."

"Man, we can't afford to leave the doors. We may be attacked," said he.

(*Continued on Page* [illegible])

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Demand for Trained Men

DURING the past five years this magazine has told of the steadily widening call for the trained men of the special schools, colleges and universities. The present year has carried the record still higher. Some of the technical institutions had not graduates enough to supply the requests of industry, commerce and education. The president of one of the greatest American universities complained that business threatened to bankrupt his teaching staff. "My greatest task now is to keep enough effective men," he said. "The manufacturers are after our best students and are paying large salaries. Politics is another competitor. The present Administration is using more college men than any in the country's history, and I receive inquiries constantly asking for young men to fill important and desirable places."

It is a very satisfactory answer to the question, Is the university education worth while? If a graduate's habits are good, and if he has in him any force, he steps from the commencement stage to lucrative employment and opportunity.

The People's Trust

"BILLIONS Staked in Gambling with Death" is the way a New York paper heads a report of the past year's life-insurance business of the country. That expresses concisely an old delusion that is not entirely extinct. Many people used to refuse to take out life insurance because they thought it wrong to bet, and others because they would not go into a game in which they "had to die to win."

But the mere statement of the magnitude of the insurance business is enough to show how these ideas have been outgrown. This is not such a nation of gamblers that its people would bet $18,000,000,000 on a game of any kind. The truth is that the gambling is on the other side. The man who does not insure bets that he will live. If he wins he saves a little in premiums; if he loses he leaves his family unprovided for.

Insurance has now become a recognized form of property. If the holder of a policy dies its value goes to his heirs; if he lives he can collect it himself. The latest statistics show that in Philadelphia alone the amount of insurance in force is nearly $900,000,000 — equivalent to the entire bonded national debt of the United States. In New York it is about $2,300,000,000, or nearly four times the market value of the Standard Oil Company.

The people of the United States are carrying life-insurance policies about equal to the nominal capital of all the trusts and all the railroads of the country combined. They represent a sum substantially equivalent to one-fifth of the entire estimated wealth of the nation, public and private. There are five life-insurance companies each of which has policies outstanding equaling or exceeding the interest-bearing national debt. The old-line companies have, all told, about 18,000,000 policies in force, and there are over 5,000,000 members in the fraternal insurance orders. It is safe to say, therefore, that at least 10,000,000 heads of families, representing 50,000,000 people, are carrying life insurance of some sort. It is the most gigantic cooperative enterprise in history. It is a voluntary pension scheme on a scale that dwarfs anything attempted by any or all of the paternal governments of Europe. Its scope is extending so rapidly that there will soon be hardly a family, outside of the "submerged tenth," without a share in its protection.

The American people are now taking out new insurance at the rate of $8,000,000 a day — probably three times the present cost of the Russo-Japanese War to both the combatants combined. When we are worrying about the concentration of wealth in the hands of the trusts we may console ourselves with the contemplation of this tremendous popular savings agency, whose operations throw all the trusts put together into the shade.

American Idealism

AMERICANS have the reputation of being the greatest money-makers of the world. They also are more and more coming to have the reputation of being the greatest money-givers. Among all these givers Mr. Carnegie is easily the prince. He has endowed research in the great institution at Washington bearing his name with $10,000,000. He is also endowing learning in the form of thousands of libraries. He has subsidized recreation in the gift of two and a half millions to his native city in Scotland; and also heroism through the foundation of a five-million-dollar fund. His entire benefactions exceed one hundred millions.

But Mr. Carnegie is not the only American who gives evidence that money-giving is a most important part of American character and life. Not a few men in America are giving not only ten per cent. of their income every year to benevolence, but also are in cases parting with one-third or one-half of their property for the equipping of philanthropic concerns and the endowing of philanthropic movements.

In a Western city a physician recently declined to accept an inheritance of $2,000,000, preferring that it should go to the next of kin rather than to himself. Home, friendship, associations are constantly causing professional and business men to decline offers looking toward a change of work which would mean an increase in salary.

Despite the struggle for wealth, evidences are numerous and strong that Americans are quite as much idealists as they are materialists

The Corruption of Good Manners

"I WONDER where my little girl gets her bad temper and bad manners," said a young mother. "Her father and I are most careful to set her a good example, yet she gets worse all the time." Just then the child was brought into the room by her nurse — a foreign woman with temper and general bad character written all over her sly, coarse face.

When the child was not associating with this person she was playing with other little girls who spent most of their time with nurses of much the same type. The mother was too intellectual, was too "busy keeping abreast of the times," to give more than an occasional hour to her child.

Such cases are not common, but neither are they rare — and, at the present rate of "progress," they will soon be common among the well-to-do people, those whose children ought to give the Republic a tremendous forward impulse in the coming half-century. The old idea that a child's own mother and father and brothers and sisters should be its principal associates has no longer the hold that it once had. And that is bad — distinctly bad.

Beer and Skittles

IT IS curious, yet not strange, that Herbert Spencer, who lived wholly for work, should have left it as his deliberate judgment that work should be only an incident and a means to recreation. The lazy people are mightily pleased and encouraged.

Nevertheless, the men who succeed, whether as street cleaners or as statesmen and philosophers, are the men who do not find work a task but a recreation and their source of happiness. The men who fail are those to whom the useful, the morally, mentally and physically remunerating, is a task to be dropped for vacuity or "playing about" as soon as ever the whistle blows.

If Herbert Spencer had been as fond of billiards as he was of philosophy we should never have heard of Herbert Spencer — but the overseers of the poor in his district would have heard of him.

The Double-Faced Rascals!

IN THE closing days of the last Congress leaders of the two parties proved by statistics: first, that the Congress had been prudent and economical, and, second, that the Congress had been heedless and extravagant. With the same supply of figures to draw from the Republican spokesman and the Democratic spokesman produced totals that varied almost $100,000,000

We have before us half a dozen statements of losses suffered by this country from ravages by bugs, from the sprightly grasshopper to the much exploited boll weevil. Four hundred millions of dollars is writ down as the sum stolen from us by the insects every year. And this does not include the hundreds of millions that may be calculated from the devastations of flies, mosquitoes and other small destroyers. Indeed, as we add together the extraordinary figures we get into the billions without hardly scraping an acquaintance with entomology. Before we realize what we are doing we exceed the producing power of our population and make the national debt look thirty and some odd cents.

When the trust capitalizations were rushing to their flood a few months ago, and millionaires were being made faster than automobiles, interesting totals were widely published. It was found that the new corporations had in bonds and stocks more figurative money than the world ever contained; that, literally, if their printed values had been cashed in, every penny on earth would have been used and hundreds of millions of new money would have been needed to balance the ledger.

A practical joker once replied to the question, Do figures lie? by asking the questioner to write very carefully 317 and then turn it upside down. We should not say that statistics are either false or productive of falsehood, but it must be admitted that they are wonderfully versatile. We might even do better than that and declare that figures do not lie, but that they produce very contradictory conclusions when turned upside down by jokers and jugglers.

And, as a matter of fact, in these days of much figuring there is more safety in honest doubt than in half the statistical tables.

The Orator's Opportunity

EVERY fight for the Presidency brings forth the nation's orators. Every new contest shows that our supply of eloquent speakers does not keep pace with the increase of population. Every canvass of the situation proves only too sadly that oratory is not one of our thriving industries. The high tariff does not help it and our multiplying millions can foster it by no subsidy.

It is largely because our orators must live between their distant opportunities. From the great speech of to-day to the big occasion of four years hence is a long stretch of bread, butter and dessert. The modern Demosthenes cannot afford to spend his long hours mouthing pebbles on the isolated shore in order to impart smoothness and strength to his voice; he must keep office hours near the market places, and speak in whispers to the eminent gentlemen who desire the latest inventions in charters and mergers, or find for them some way of appeasing the appetite of a Congressional investigating committee. For it is to the law that we must look for our political oratory. Ever since Doctor Burchard rolled out his fatal "R's" the campaign managers have been afraid of clerical enthusiasts, and the eloquence that is supplied by editors reads better than it sounds; but the law is still free, and good lawyers stick with impartial partiality to their causes.

It is a tremendous pity that we have so few good speakers. The public has lost none of its love for the spoken word. Audiences are larger in numbers and greater in enthusiasm than they ever were; and in the future, when an orator rises to the occasion, we shall recall this fragment from a newspaper interview with Speaker Cannon given in reply to the question, "So you enjoy oratory?"

"I wouldn't give three whoops in Hades for any man whose heart would not beat faster, who would not breathe deeper, whose eyes would not take fire, whose spirit would not swell as if to strangle him, who would not be moved even to the shedding of tears — and that without shame — by the voices of birds and children, by a mother's smile, by a song that is sung greatly from the heart, by the face of a beautiful woman and the voice of her pleading, by noble oratory or the noble acting of actors on the stage, by any human art through which the spirit of beauty in one speaks to the spirit of beauty in another."

A "Practical Politician"

A CONSPICUOUS "practical" politician died not long ago. For a generation he had been corrupting his fellowmen individually and in masses, procuring unjust legislation, receiving and dispensing bribes, prostituting courts of justice. Few, indeed, of the dollars he so lavishly spent were not earned in ways from which a decent man would shrink. Most of the obituaries of him referred to these facts and then passed on to laud his "extraordinary" abilities and his "genius" for politics.

But was he, in fact, a man of wonderful brain power? On the contrary, was not the very mode of his career proof that he was very low in the intellectual scale?

There are certain kinds of "dirty work" which "practical" men in various lines insist must be done. To do or to procure this vile business they have low creatures, brazen, characterized by the essential qualities of the weasel, the rat and the snake. But these creatures ought not to be exalted, even when they are safely dead, as specimens of the superior man.

WHY AMERICA WINS

By Eustace Miles, M. A.

Formerly Scholar of Kings College, Cambridge
Amateur Champion at Tennis, Racquets and Squash Tennis, 1900

IT IS said that lookers-on see most of the game. This is not quite true. People who wait till things have shifted into their proper proportions see still more of the game. Players who also occasionally are lookers-on, and always are waiting till things shift into proportion, see still more of the game. It is in all three capacities that I offer this short article on that question (more interesting, perhaps, to the English than to the Americans) why the Americans win in so many branches, not only of sport but also of commerce and life

Without being egotistical, I shall have to explain first why the Americans did not beat me at my three favorite games. The first reason was that they have not played these games long enough. In England we are trained for them by ballplay in almost every school and in both our universities. Now that the Americans are adopting these three games we may reasonably expect them to beat us here also, especially as racquets, tennis and squash tennis are among the best exercises for the well-to-do, and, if they are cheapened, for the masses of the people as well. Add to them fives (or hand-fives), and we have a quartet which is bound to spread throughout the United States and to do great good wherever it spreads.

The second reason is still more important: namely, that I have long been practicing the American methods of learning these games. It is by arduous and constant preparation for play as being thoroughly worth while, that I have managed to win. It is not from any superior skill; it is almost entirely from superior advantages and practice; for here we have opportunities of play everywhere.

The Americans win chiefly in sprints; the hundred yards is their typical distance. They win also where victory depends largely on knack, on the acquirement of some better, quicker, easier way of doing something. Rapidity and technique and adaptation of new devices—these are sources of American success in sport as in business.

In business, however, it is more than likely that the Americans will win where it is a matter of lasting as well as of sprinting. There is at present no prospect of similar victories in sport. We still hold the upper hand in the long distances.

The Contrast Between Typical Methods

THE contrast between typical English and American methods, to which there will always be exceptions, is seen most clearly when we contrast the English university athlete and the American college athlete. The Englishman is going to run for his university; let us say that the race is a quarter of a mile or something less. He practices starting now and then; he is rather careful about what he eats and drinks and smokes; he does not work *too* hard with his brain; he does not worry himself too much; but his chief training is to run the actual distance or part of the distance. A few take considerably more care. The majority take just about this much, no more and no less.

The American college athlete also practices running his distance; but, in addition, he practices the art of starting till he has nearly perfected it. There are many different positions from which to start at an advantage. The American is likely to practice all, in order that he may find out which is best for him; that one he will make his very own by constant repetition. How arduous, yet, when he looks back ten years later (that is the supreme test), how well worth while. Then he will probably practice the beginning of the race, the middle of the race, the end of the race. He will diet himself with considerably more scrupulous attention. He will give more of his soul to the practice. Probably he will not work much more than an Englishman does: he may work a great deal less; but for his particular end—victory in his race—he considers every sort of advantage and habit worth while; *he grudges no labor spent in acquiring the habit.* Before the race he will be massaged, so that his limbs and muscles may be warmed and rendered more flexible and lithe, less cold and stiff and awkward. Most Englishmen despise this, to their great disadvantage. They think that they are going to "get along somehow" without this apparently trivial item. They are finding in sport and in business that such apparently trivial items make just the difference between victory and defeat.

The American first decides that he is going to do the thing. Otherwise—and he probably discusses the matter very carefully with himself and his friends—probably he does not do the thing at all. But, having decided, he does it with all his might. The Englishman does not think much about whether it is worth while; doing it, he does it with all his might, too. But the American practices it with all his might and with all his mind. He studies it also. How can he better the present method or absence of method? That is worth working out. *He invests far more time and trouble on his apprenticeship for success.* That gets almost at the root of the matter. The Englishman thinks that he will learn by doing. The American, unless he is a genius, knows that he will not; he knows that he will learn partly by doing, but partly also by studying and practicing; he outlays more time in preparation and he gets his interest and capital in return.

The Old Story of Follow it Up

I HAVE had lately considerable experience of English methods in advertising, and the usual business manager is still uneducated enough to ask himself that ridiculous question, How much will it cost? He does not mind spending a few shillings or pounds, but he draws the line at a large sum; he would sooner sink his shillings and pounds with no return and no profit than lay out his pounds or hundreds of pounds with an absolute certainty of two hundred per cent. coming back within a year or two. He asks, Will it cost *much?* The American does not. He asks, Will it pay? If so, where shall I advertise? Suppose I have a school for boys. Where shall I advertise that school? Who decides to which school the boy shall go? For the most part, the parents do. What paper do parents see? Perhaps the mothers rather than the fathers; but both, if possible. The answer is one that perhaps has not occurred to the Englishman, *because he has never asked himself the question.* The answer may be some woman's paper in which the English schoolmaster would never dream of inserting his ad. Then the American asks himself, How shall I advertise? with what wording, with what spacing, with what if any illustration, with what type, and so on? Next he asks himself, How shall I follow it up? For how long shall I follow up, and at what intervals? I have heard more than five business men in one particular branch of trade remark to the effect that they were going to try *one* advertisement in this or that paper. The absurdity of it—one advertisement! Why, the very essence of advertising is repetition: the "hammer, hammer, hammer" of constant impression. This shows precisely the difference between English and American ways. We are only beginning to learn the art of advertising; we are only beginning to learn the art of practice and preparation.

I said above that I had been using the American method, though I am bound to say that I used it before I knew anything about America—certainly long before I went there. It is amazing how much the Americans know about us (and profit by knowing it), and how little we know about them. In my own games much of the success depends upon the positions and movements of the body and, therefore, of its pedestals, the feet. Without the correct pose of feet the body is at an incredible disadvantage. So I devised a foot drill for my games, and practiced it thousands of times in my bedroom and elsewhere. I have now made it mechanical, an inseparable part of me, about which I never have to trouble while I am actually playing. It works itself; it is an acquired habit, a secondary instinct. But it was acquired through conscious and repeated practice. I do not see how it could have been acquired otherwise, for I am by nature a "duffer" at games. Most other players fail to recognize their weakness as I did, and go on playing and playing scarcely at all better than before. They think that they will succeed because they repeat; they think that practice makes perfect. As a matter of fact, practice of a bad habit only establishes that habit and makes it harder and harder to remove. It pushes success farther and farther away.

When the Englishman takes up a pursuit he asks himself no question about method; he asks himself, How do most people do it in England? And the answer to that will be nearly the same as the answer to the question, How have most people done it in England? The American does not ask himself this as an important question; he asks himself, How can I better the way in which most people have done it anywhere?

In answering the question the Americans creep right up along the borderland of the law everywhere; they occasionally swerve beyond the law into the land of the not-law; but, as a rule, they sail very close to the wind, but just on the safe side, technically. Englishmen, as a rule, keep on the inside.

There is another radical difference between English and American causes of success. It is seen very clearly in public education. In England our well-to-do classes get a fairly good education at what we call Public Schools—they are really large private schools, more of the type of Groton, St. Mark's and St. Paul's in America. Also our Poor-Law or Workhouse School boys and girls and our Reformatory Industrial School boys and girls get a really excellent education. But our majority, between the well-to-do and the lowest children, and, indeed, our majority of the lowest children after a certain age, get scarcely any education at all. In America there is a far more widespread education, a far more sensible and interesting education, a far more all-round education (including manual training), and a far more practical education, including among its best qualities an education in patriotism. *While we attend to the richest, the poorest and the most criminal children,* America does not confine itself to children. It educates children of all classes almost equally well, and continues education beyond childhood well into manhood.

Is the Game Worth the Candle?

THE Americans win—not because their methods are faultless: they win because they concentrate on the work and invest their time in preparation for it. They have more patience because their reason is convinced that patience pays. Their desire is victory, and, for the sake of that, they undergo drudgery. The typical Englishman does not ask his reason any questions; he asks, What are the other people doing? He does what other people are doing.

As the result of the two systems, I should say that there is nothing quite so good as the best Englishman who uses his reason sensibly: whose life is not one succession of smart, snappy jerks. The Englishman occasionally wins, but it is a rarity. Most of us, in what are known as the serious things of life (business and many branches of games and athletics), are beaten by the Americans because they are desperately anxious to win. When they have won they cannot rest. America is not a land of contentment.

We win, as a nation, in what is equally important—repose. We find our kindred in Philadelphia rather than in New York. And as a nation, and as individuals, we shall continue to be comparatively contented, if not happy—unless we are ruined financially first. In that case, I suppose, we shall at length become Americanized.

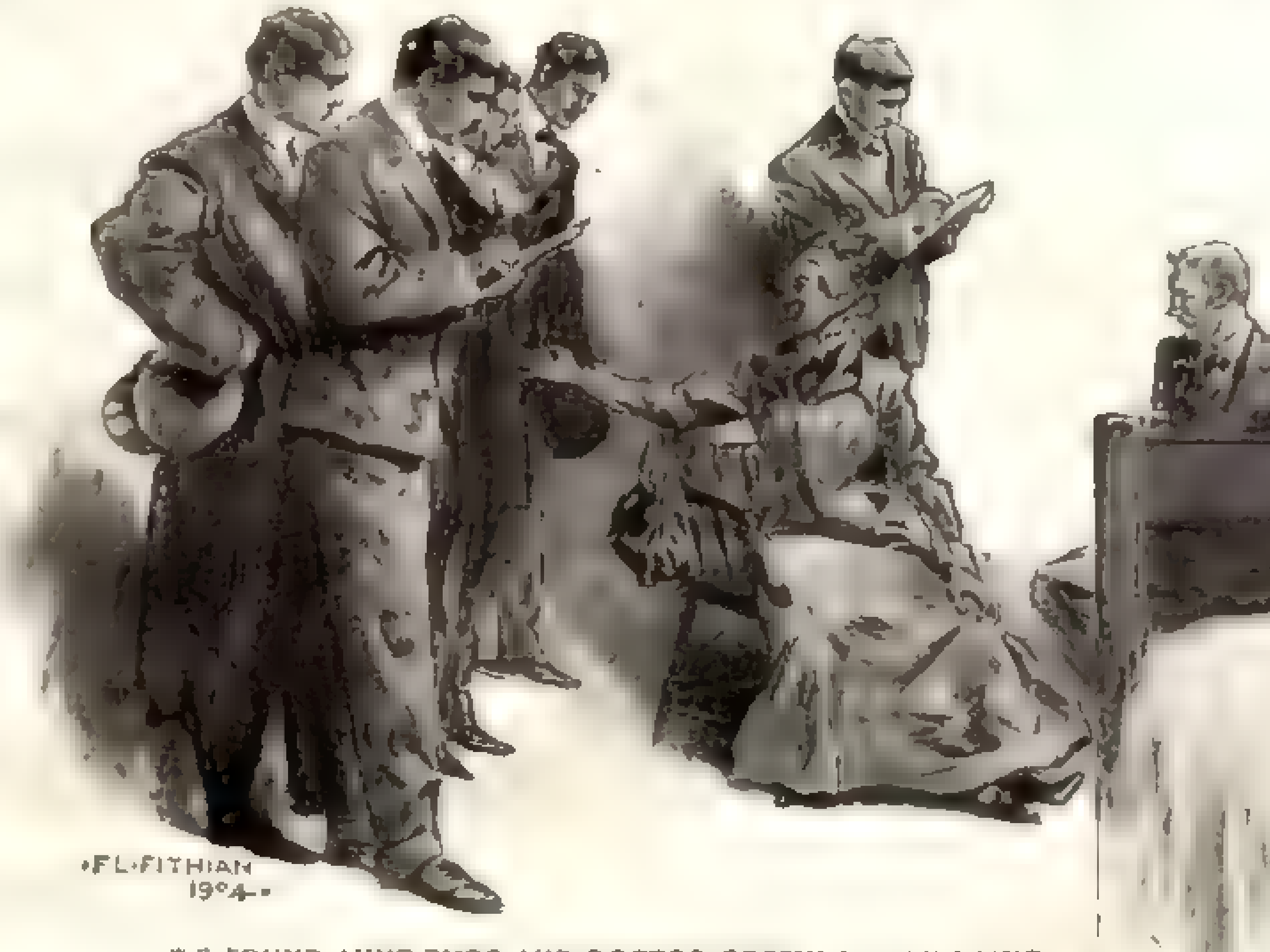
We, too, shall want to win; we, too, shall become desperately anxious; our calmer faces and our gentler voices and our quieter extremities will then leave us. That is where we are superior at present.

In two respects we are both losers. Both the English and the Americans lose in every way by eating abominably fast; and the more we hustle the faster we eat. It is there that the Japanese beat us both. Possibly the future of the world, though it may be thousands of years ahead, will rest with the slow eaters. For they shall have patience and placidity. They shall grow reasonably.

THE TIN DISKERS

The Story of an American Invasion That All But Failed

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE



WE FOUND AUNT THEO AND DOCTOR COFFIN BUSILY BEING INTERVIEWED AND SKETCHED

PART II

I WAS now free to break down all I wanted to, and I lay on the sofa and cried my heart out, till the horsehair was all damp and messy. Then I got up and opened all the lockers under the bookshelves for fear a man might be hidden away in them, or a secret stairway. But I only found stacks of old magazines and rubbish. Then I debated whether I shouldn't turn on the gas and die; but after a lot of deliberation I settled on prison instead, for they weren't likely to give me more than a week, and it couldn't possibly be worse than crossing the Atlantic — except for the disgrace, of course. Though I think there's a kind of disgrace in looking pale green and holding a basin, don't you? Besides, committing suicide involves your lying on a slab for a dozen grocers and plumbers to gape at, while they make up *their* minds that *yours* was unsound! The only tempting thing about it was how disagreeable it would be for my man with the hurt arm; but it seemed a big price to pay for making him uncomfortable, and I had some doubts whether he'd feel the proper amount of remorse. He might have gloried in it, the brute. So I just thought I'd see it through and take all that was coming to me with a splendid unconcern that would strike everybody dumb with astonishment.

By the time dawn came I was equal to any emergency; and, though I wasn't exactly what you'd call gay, I had the stubborn feeling that goes with dying in the last ditch. I was cheered up, too, by hearing the bustle of what was evidently a large household of servants, who tramped about and lit fires, and dusted, and pattered up and down back stairs, and rattled things in the kitchen. This all sounded very homelike and reassuring, and showed me that I wasn't alone in the house with *him*. You see, I couldn't altogether get it out of my head but that he might dart in and murder me any moment. It's all very well to laugh about it now, but if you had been in my place then, you probably would have thrown fits, as they say! No, it was most comforting to hear housemaids giggling, and a buttons running about with the shoes, and the unmistakable tones of a butler, butlering

After hours and hours I was startled by somebody turning the key in my door, and in stepped a beautiful old gentleman with white side-whiskers and a bald head. He nearly dropped dead when he caught sight of me, and backed out hurriedly, saying, in such rich British accents: "Aw, aw — er, er — I'm sure I beg your pardon!" and I guess he must have backed right into the butler, for I overheard bits of a conversation between them. It was all "the Captain" this, and "the Captain" that, and "No, Sir George," and "Yes, Sir George," and "the young person, Sir George, that the Captain hup and caught in the very hact, Sir George ——!" It was plain that I was the young person in question, and I fully expected Sir George to come in and pull my head off, too, like the man overnight, who was, I suppose, the one they called the Captain. But Sir George only remarked: "Aw, aw, most extraordinary!" and "Er, er, quite right, quite right," and his voice grew fainter and fainter, as though he was putting as much space between us as he could.

Then the Captain himself tapped at the door and came in. In the daylight he looked more ill and white than before, though so distinguished and handsome that I was surprised at the change. He had toned down considerably, and there was even a glimmer of kindness in his gray eyes as he addressed me with a sort of stiff courtesy.

"I think you have suffered enough for your escapade," he said. "You're not likely to dig up any more tin disks in people's grounds, and I have to tell you that you can go!"

My first spasm of joy was very short-lived.

"Go!" I repeated blankly, it coming over me that I hadn't any place to go. Go where, indeed? How was I to find those lodgings again?

"Yes, go," he said, and held the door open with the same stiff politeness for me to pass.

"But where?" I asked, not budging an inch.

"Home!" he said, a trifle impatiently.

"I haven't any home," I said.

"But you must live somewhere?"

"Yes, but I couldn't find it by myself; it's — it's lodgings!"

"But it's on a street, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I don't know the name of the street."

"But if it's lodgings there must be a landlady. Don't you know her name?"

"No!"

"Could you recognize the house if you saw it again?"

"I don't believe I could!"

He looked at me in stupefaction.

"But you must have friends," he insisted. "I know you have friends. I could hear them cutting away last night in every direction!"

"Yes, but they live in those same lodgings."

"Haven't you any other friends, then, that you can communicate with?"

"Not nearer than New York."

"Well, what on earth are you going to do?" he said

"I don't know," I returned, and began to cry.

I was mistaken in thinking him such a brute, for he sat down beside me and looked quite distressed. This emboldened me to tell him the whole story, which he listened to very intently, asking me a question now and then. I think he felt sorry for the awful harm he had done in catching me, and it obviously seemed an extenuation to him that I was an American. Apparently it wasn't such a crime for Americans to dig disks as it was for English people! There was a sort of implication that we didn't know any better, and were, therefore, more to be excused.

"You're in a beastly fix," he said.

"And as for my aunt and Doctor Coffin," I went on, "their only idea will be to keep out of harm's way. I might wait here till the day of judgment without their coming back for me!"

"It's out of the question for you to stay here," he said decisively. (The English are so literal, you know.)

"I must stay somewhere," I said

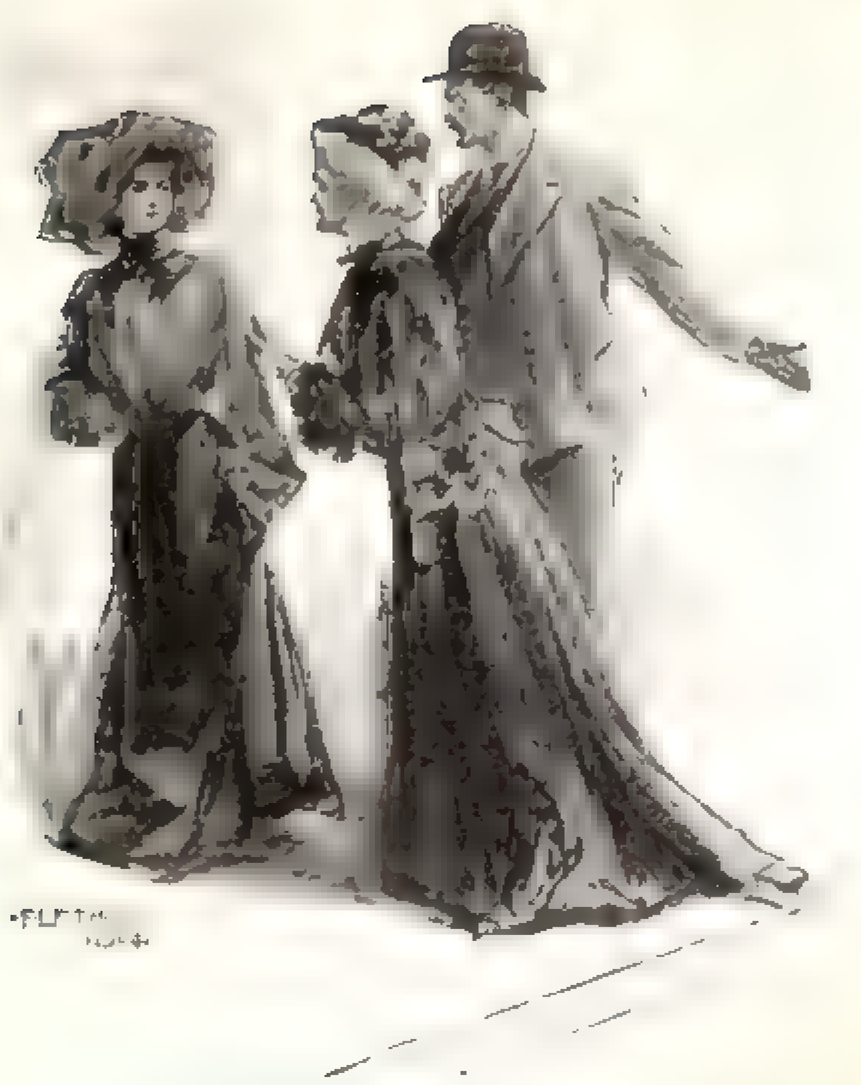
He looked so responsible and serious that I determined to let him do all the worrying. He had deserved it by capturing me when he might just as easily have nabbed Doctor Coffin. I shouldn't have minded losing Doctor Coffin — not a bit The Captain had caught a little white elephant, and, even in my misery, I had a malicious enjoyment in seeing how it rattled him. It would teach him to be more careful the next time, and look twice before he pounced. I shut my eyes and wondered what he was going to do with me.

He stayed silent for a long while, and then got up and rang a bell beside the fireplace.

"James," he said to the footman that answered it, "show this young lady the governess' room, and tell Wilson to serve her breakfast in the nursery." Then, turning to me, he remarked that he should come up later and talk over what would better be done. I went off with James, who led me upstairs to a little suite at the top of the house. It was very bare and cold, and apparently had not been inhabited for ages; but there was a mirror, thank goodness! and a maid came scurrying after me with a comb and brush. Here I was brought breakfast, and after a while the Captain arrived and reopened the subject of what was to become of me. It almost looked as though jail was the best place after all, for, with all our talking, it got more and more hopeless. I didn't even know the general direction of the lodgings, and the only help I could give him was that it was about a ten minutes' walk. Then the Captain said the only thing to do was to go out and make a house-to-house canvass till we found it.

It was a delightful morning, and, after being so long boxed up with Aunt Theo and Doctor Coffin, it was pleasant again to talk to a human being. The Captain was all that, and he grew nicer and nicer, telling me about the war, and his winning the Victoria Cross, and about his being the only son, and how he used to learn his lessons in the nursery where I had breakfast. English people don't seem to have many shades, and the Captain had nothing between tiger and lamb except a gap Whenever we saw a window with Lodgings stuck in the corner of it, or Furnished Rooms, we'd ring the bell and inquire for aunt. I don't think it was very good for him — for the Captain, I mean — to have to walk miles and miles like that. He hadn't been out of bed for two weeks, and his arm still hurt him a good deal. He had been hit by a glass ball out of a soda-water bottle, and was awfully ashamed it wasn't a real bullet, and he made me promise never to tell. Sometimes we had to sit on doorsteps and rest — he'd get so dreadfully pale, you know — and I had to hold him by his well arm when once or twice he staggered and almost fell. As for Aunt Theo, we couldn't find a pin-feather of her, and at about one o'clock we stopped a passing hansom and drove home — *his* home.

We had become such good friends that nothing would satisfy him but that I should lunch with the family, and so he introduced me to his mother, a beautiful old lady in a cap. Both father and mother were like lovely pieces of old porcelain, and gave one much the same effect of pricelessness and fragility. They were just about as stiff, too, and as sociable. It was plain that neither of them liked the situation, and they emphasized their disapprobation by seldom opening their mouths, and looking right through me as though I were air. It was the deadest luncheon I ever struck, and daunted even the Captain's spirits. He asked questions about America, and made a joke of the disk, and tried to whoop the thing up — but it wouldn't whoop, and a funeral couldn't have been more depressing. After luncheon the men went away to smoke cigars, leaving me alone with the old lady — (did I say she was Lady Morse-Galkyn, and that the Captain was Augustus and belonged to the Royal Horse Artillery, and that his father was Sir George?) — and she perked up a little out of politeness, asking me if I "worked," which is English for doing worsted dogs and embroidering flowers on pillow-cases, and I said no. Then, after a whole age, with the clock ticking so loud it was like a cannon going off, she asked me if I played, and again I had to say no. Then she asked me if I was interested in the poor, and I said no. I had always been afraid of Hungarians, though I had once taught a class in the Polish Sunday-school. After that the conversation languished, with just enough about the weather to keep it from dying dead.



I COULDN'T IMPOSE MYSELF ANY LONGER ON HER GOOD-NATURE

Finally, the Captain hurried up over his cigar and returned in time to save my life. Lady Morse-Galkyn wanted him to lie down and be read to, and she gazed at his pale face so anxiously and lovingly that I forgave her the unspoken disdain she had for me and the land of freedom. But the Captain wouldn't hear of doing anything but going out with me again; and so off we started, the pair of us, to put in the whole afternoon kiting up and down suburban streets. We actually discovered one house where we had formerly stayed, but it was about four back, so it didn't help us any; though it kind of vindicated the truth of my story and encouraged us to persevere. So we persevered and persevered till we had tea in a little bun shop; and the Captain told me a whole lot more about himself, and his father and mother, and his one uncle who was a general and his other uncle who was an ambassador, and about the Chitral campaign and the relief of Peking (where he was on the staff), and I pretended to listen while the tears trickled down my face and I felt the most lost, homeless thing on the face of the earth. Finally, I just laid my head on the table and boo-hooed like a baby, the Captain having to lend me his handkerchief, as mine was all wet. He was awfully sweet and comforting, and made it out a favor to himself that I should stay at Fairoaks till I was called for, saying it was all his fault for having got me into such a mess, and that the least he could do was to see me through with it So we went home again, working ourselves up into a strange hilarity, I declaring that I was his pet rabbit and he a schoolboy, and wanting to be hidden away from his parents. After that he always called me his rabbit, and I called him Little Tommy, and I never thought I could have liked an Englishman so much.

Sir George and Lady Morse-Galkyn never wiggled an eyelash as they saw us trailing back, and were as frozenly polite at dinner as though I were a real guest with a real invitation. But if they didn't show anything on the surface I could feel waves of disapprobation dashing against my poor, little frightened heart. They didn't like the rabbit idea at all, and if they could have got rid of the Captain they would have willingly taken me out and lost me. I never really felt safe if the Captain wasn't in the room; and he had such a kind, humorous way of catching my eye and smiling that I scraped through dinner without being crushed flat. He also piloted me through a fearful evening afterward, and whispered: "Cheer up, rabbit!" as I was led off to bed.

The next morning he wasn't at breakfast, his mother having given orders not to call him. I had a creepy sensation that the losing process would soon follow, and I was hardly surprised, when the meal was finished and Sir George had retired to the library, at Lady Morse-Galkyn making me sit down beside her on a sofa and explaining, in her cold, uncontradictable, high-bred accents—the proper end of rabbits! She said I must appreciate that the existing situation was quite an impossible one, and that an indefinite visit to her house on such terms was out of the question. She said she would find me a quiet place, most clean and comfortable and retired, where I should remain under proper care and protection until my friends should communicate with me. She would be very happy to advance me what money I needed, and I was to be under no apprehension on that score, even if it took several weeks before my father could put me in funds and take measures to terminate my unfortunate predicament. Heaven knows, I couldn't blame her for wanting to get rid of me. Even a rabbit could see her side of the case; and, looked at dispassionately, I had to admit her extraordinary kindness. She might have just turned me out into the cold, hard world and let it go at that! So I meekly got into the carriage with her and drove off into space, wondering what Little Tommy would say when he woke up.

We drove, and drove, and drove, drawing up at last before a red brick institution, which bore the sign, Home for Friendless Girls, in frigid letters above the doorway. It had that kind of forbidding neatness that usually goes with philanthropy, and was a cross between an army barrack and a county jail. Here we got out, and while I stood with a sinking heart, waiting for Lady Morse-Galkyn to finish her talk with the coachman about one of the horses having cast a shoe, I heard a tremendous galloping down the street, and there, if you please, was my dear Captain rattling toward us in a dog-cart ten feet high like a battery of his own horse artillery. He flung the lines to a groom and ran toward us, looking as ferocious as he did the night I first fell captive to his bow and spear. He was bursting mad, and it was plain he wasn't going to lose his rabbit in that establishment. He didn't seem to see me at all, but, going up to his mother, he passed one arm through hers and led her a dozen steps away, where he whispered to her energetically and pawed the air with indignation. I didn't hear a word, of course, and didn't try to, but I could feel that my fate was being settled; and the more I looked at the Home for Friendless Girls the more I hoped Little Tommy would win.

I guess he did, all right, for Lady Morse-Galkyn came back to me as calm and gracious and high-bred as ever, though with the shade of a tremble in her voice, to say that her son objected to any other course but her keeping me at Fairoaks. The Captain added a flourish to the invitation (which it certainly needed), and opened the carriage door as though to shoo us in. But I held my ground and wouldn't be shooed. I was calm and gracious and high bred, too, and, while thanking her for her kindness, said I couldn't impose myself any longer on her good-nature. Then there followed a very animated five minutes, with all three of us talking at once, and rows of friendless girls crowding the windows to see what was the matter. When Lady Morse-Galkyn found I was in earnest, and would have preferred the horrid old home twenty times to putting myself in an acutely false position, she came down off her high horse and really pleaded with me. Up to that time she had held me at arm's length, but now, under the stress of her son's displeasure and the better opinion I could feel she had of me, she was unmistakably sincere and would not brook my refusal. So the rabbit was put back into the carriage again and the coachman ordered to drive to the nearest cable office, where I borrowed three pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence of the Captain, and sent the following dispatch to my father:

> Have become separated from Aunt Theo. Please send me the address of her London bankers so that I may get on her track. Also telegraph five hundred dollars, as I am totally without money. Don't worry, as I am with friends. ESSY.

Of course, I gave the Morse-Galkyn's address, too, and it was all so beautifully simple and obvious that the Captain said we were all idiots not to think of it before. I said I had thought of it before, only I hated to trouble him for the mun—not having a penny to my name, and always hoping against hope that we'd find Aunt Theo around the next corner. Then he said very tenderly that he'd do more than that for his rabbit, and squeezed my hand under the robe; and I squeezed back, not to encourage him, but just because I was so grateful and happy; and we all reached Fairoaks as gay as larks to break it to the old gentleman that they hadn't managed to lose me. And even he seemed affected by the general good spirits, and said: "Aw, aw, quite extraordinary," and patted me on the head like a dog. The fact was that the Captain was the king-pin of the whole establishment. When he was miserable everybody was miserable; and when he smiled they danced. I think he had been moping a lot about his arm before I came, and hadn't been half so cheerful, and they must have put down the difference to *me*. I don't wonder they loved him so much, for he was really awfully nice, and tremendously handsome and dashing, and just one's ideal of a splendid young officer. We put in the rest of the day together, and I made him dress up in his soldier clothes, and wear his V. C. and D. S. O. and the Chitral medal (he was to have the China and South African ones when they'd get round to issuing them, which, he said, would be about twenty-five years from now), and I borrowed the butler's kodak and kodaked him with his hand on his sword till I had used up a whole roll.

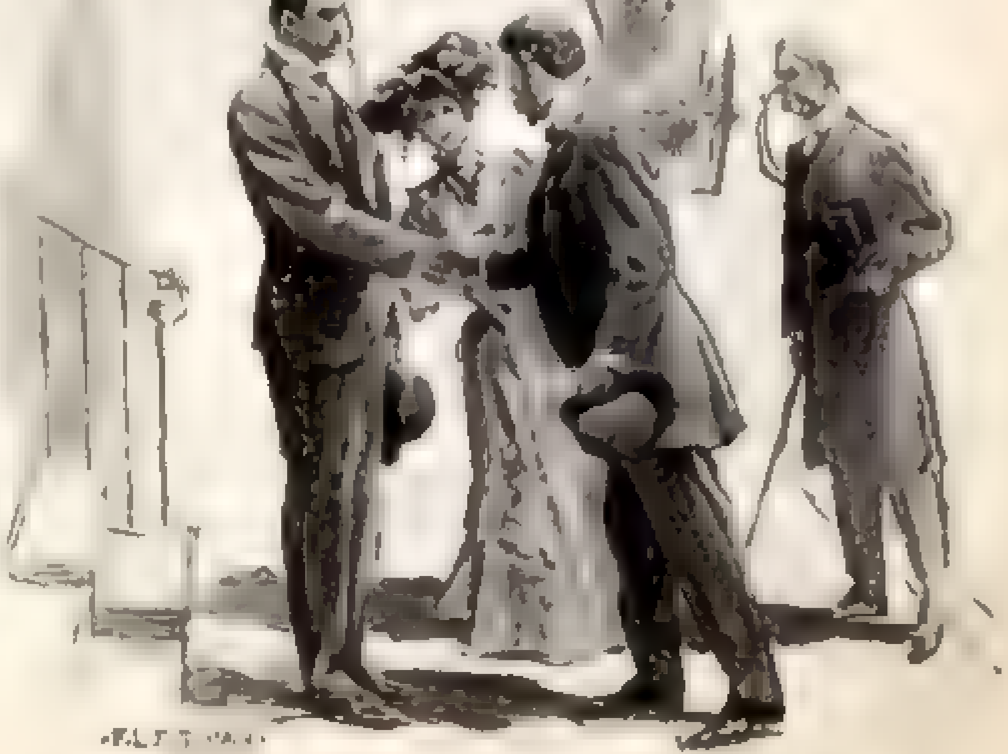
But there were still some embarrassments connected with my position in the house, and one of them was the big dinner-party they were giving that night. I didn't have any clothes (nothing but a little, old shirtwaist that would have disgraced a tramp, and a navy blue skirt with clay marks on it)—and, of course, I wouldn't have gone anyway, even in a Paris gown—but the Captain was frightened I'd think it was a slight, and he went on and on about it as though I was being kept out of Heaven. He was plaintive about Little Tommy losing his rabbit all the evening; but I said the rabbit would develop the pictures and read a novel and be quite happy thinking of Little Tommy downstairs, drinking champagne with his swell friends and bragging about what he had done at the war. He said he preferred his rabbit any time and wished the whole party to Jericho, and looked so depressed that I made him tell me about Modder River all over again (just to cheer him up), and how Lord Methuen had signaled: "Well done, Squadron K!" This seemed to be the biggest thing that had ever happened to him, except a slice of ham a correspondent had given him on the march. He always remembered them both with the same enthusiasm, and could tell how that ham tasted till your mouth watered. He was shyer about the V. C., and you might have thought it a family disgrace from the way he stammered and blushed and skidded off the subject. It had "For valour" on it, and I told him he must have cheated to get it, he was so nervous whenever it was alluded to.

I had dinner served to me in the nursery, and the dear fellow sneaked up when his own was through and all the men had retired to the billiard-room to smoke. He brought me a cable from papa, and seemed as pleased about it as I was. It said:

> Cannot definitely learn aunt's address at this moment but am catching kronprintz leaving to-day at two Have cabled my agents Cruder Duffield peeper & co., leadenhall street, london to take full charge of you and honor all drafts buck up. shall be with you in six days DAD.

The Captain read it over my shoulder, asking what "buck up" meant; and for two cents I believe he would have kissed me, and I was almost sorry he didn't, though, of course, I'd have been awfully insulted if he had. But he made up for it by staying and staying till I had to turn him out lest his guests should think him discourteous. He didn't want to go a bit, and kissed his hand to me on the stairway, looking like a prince in his dazzling white waistcoat. I couldn't get him out of my head, and all night I kept dreaming and dreaming of him like a little idiot. I was becoming more his rabbit than was good for me, and I didn't want to go away from Fairoaks with a heartache. He had too much the air of always getting what he wanted for me to believe there weren't *other* rabbits; and the idea of them made me feel hot and uncomfortable.

The next day a splendid automobile came tooting and whisking up the drive, bringing Mrs. Duffield, the wife of one of papa's firm of agents. I felt rather ashamed of her, she was so overdressed and sparkled so exuberantly with diamonds, and talked so fast and so loud. She made a terribly jarring note in the fine calm of Fairoaks. I am afraid this was rather ungrateful of me, for she was just bursting with kindness, and rent the air with generosity and goodwill, giving me a hundred pounds in Bank of England notes, and wanting to sweep me right off in the automobubble to her own place. In some ways I was pleased she wasn't more of a lady, for she bragged about papa being the borax king, and flung about his ships, and his mines, and his railroads in the way a well-bred person couldn't! Lady Morse-Galkyn was impressed in spite of herself, for all *their* grandeur was a little pinched, and I don't believe there was any great amount of ready money going, the servants having to light the fire with spills of paper so as to save matches. I could feel myself rising in her good opinion as Mrs. Duffield continued her incessant scream of advertisement; though all the same she was willing enough to let me go (too willing, I thought), and never said no, till the Captain jumped in and wouldn't hear of it. Of course, she had to take her cue from him, and I was saved—Mrs. Duffield puff-puffing off without me, after an effusive farewell and a lot of "darling child," and "Won't you please, *please* change your mind!"



"CAPTAIN MORSE-GALKYN, OF THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY"

It was awfully nice to be vouched for, and nicer still to have the hundred pounds, for you can imagine how I had got to look, with nothing on me but the clothes I had been captured in, and not even a toothbrush. I could hold up my head now and look the servants in the eye—and everybody was conscious of the change, from the buttons right up to the butler. I borrowed a maid from Lady Morse-Galkyn, and there wasn't much left of that hundred pounds when I got back from shopping. I could hold up the other end now to the Captain's white waistcoat, though my new gowns made more of a hit with Sir George than anybody. The Captain professed to feel indignant that I had turned out a rich rabbit, and mourned for the days when I had had to look to him for everything—said there was a gulf widening between us, and that I had become the personification of arrogant wealth. I guess the gulf was more in his mind than anywhere else, for he wouldn't let me out of his sight, and was never much farther off than three feet. There might even have been less; but I didn't want Lady Morse-Galkyn to think I was encouraging him under her own roof. I spoke to him quite seriously about it—and so he had to choke down loving me till later. I said he might look all kinds of things, but wasn't to say one of them; and in this way I passed the five happiest days of my life—and I guess they were the happiest of his, too.

Then, on Tuesday morning—the day I was expecting dear old dad—as we were all at the breakfast-table, and Sir George's aristocratic nose was buried in the Times, he suddenly laid it—the Times, I mean—down, and said: "Aw, aw, er, er, most extraordinary!"

"What's extraordinary, sir?" asked the Captain. (Wasn't it sweet of him to always call his father sir, as though it was all a hundred years ago!)

The old gentleman pointed with the paper at me and laughed one of his silvery old laughs. Then he laughed some more, while we all sat up respectfully.

"What is it that amuses you so much, my dear?" said Lady Morse-Galkyn, smiling dutifully in advance of the joke. (All well-bred Englishwomen do that.)

"Aw, aw, er, er," said the old gentleman, "listen to this! Listen to this!" Then, with ever so many hems and haws and ers, he read out this paragraph to us: "Much interest will be aroused by the announcement of the editor of Tickle-Bits that the lost-treasure competition, which has proved of so much annoyance to property owners in and about London, has at last been brought to a conclusion. It will be remembered that the discovery of a tin disk entitled the finder to a prize of a thousand pounds, a serial entitled Godfrey's Peril containing the necessary clews by which the ingenious might determine the exact whereabouts of the so-called treasure. This novel method of increasing its circulation has caused much adverse criticism of Tickle-Bits, not to speak of congesting the police courts with a new class of misdemeanants popularly called Diskers, and prompting, besides, the action of the London County Council in altogether prohibiting further competitions of the kind. It is said that the fortunate winners, Doctor Coffin and Mrs. McNutt, of 21 Alma Terrace, Upper Tootington Road, N., will divide the valuable prize between them"

"My aunt, my aunt!" I cried, clapping my hands, and as excited as could be. The Captain cheered, too, beating on his plate with his eggspoon, and quite as delighted as I was, while Lady Morse-Galkyn raised her eyebrows with indulgent superciliousness, and Sir George ejaculated: "Aw, aw, er, er, Miss Lawrence's aunt, Miss Lawrence's aunt God bless my soul, God bless my soul!" The only really calm person in the room was the butler, who blinked with faint disapprobation of the whole proceedings, and impassively brought us back to earth by obtruding lamb chops on our attention.

"It isn't a quarter of a mile from here!" cried the Captain. "We've passed the very place scores and scores of times. Upper Tootington Road; why, we can walk it in five minutes!"

"I told you all the time it was just around the corner somewhere!" I exclaimed.

"Aw, aw, er, er," chuckled Sir George. "The Americans carry everything before them nowadays—can't even hide a tin disk without their digging it up, by gad! Great people, great people—very smart, very smart. A thousand pounds. God bless my soul, God bless my soul!"

We finished breakfast amid great hilarity, for it's all wrong about English people having no sense of humor. The Captain was just brimming over with it, and he laughed till the tears came. They all did when I described my aunt and Doctor Coffin, and how they used to refer to Godfrey's Peril with their burglar-lantern and settle disputed points in the intervals of digging! Sir George said it beat anything in Punch, and the Captain wanted me to beg the tin disk as a keepsake—for *him*, he meant—to hang on his wall with all the rest of his trophies. Then we rushed off, he and I; and sure enough, at 21 Alma Terrace, Upper Tootington Road, we found Aunt Theo and Doctor Coffin busily being interviewed and sketched by three newspaper men, and talking their heads off to Mr. Somebody Something, the proprietor of Tickle-Bits, who had come in a motor brougham with Mr. Somebody Else, the silly young author of Godfrey's Peril. My aunt hardly paid any attention to me, except saying, "How do you do, child?" and offering me her leathery cheek to kiss; and when I broke out at the way I had been deserted she explained she had left two pounds with the American consul and wrote him a postcard every time she changed her address; and said if people couldn't help *themselves*, of course, nobody *could* help them! Doctor Coffin remarked, "Hello, kid," as though I had only been gone fifteen minutes, and scowled an awful scowl at the Captain, who was crinkling up his face and taking it all in through his eyeglass. It was the chilliest home-coming a lost girl ever had. I don't know what I expected exactly; but I was certainly entitled to a little fuss being made over me, and it was wounding before the Captain not even to get *that*. Finding that nobody took the faintest interest in us, we went downstairs again, and sat in the sunshine on the front steps, and talked. At least, the Captain talked, and he talked, and talked, and talked, in an eager, tickling little whisper; and my only contribution to the conversation was to say "yes" at the end! It had happened to me four or five times before—only with the wrong man—and it was awfully sweet to hear it for the first time from the right one! It wasn't any good pretending I didn't love him, and I didn't even try (I'd hate that in a girl, wouldn't you, if you were a man?), and I was just as frank about it as he was, and 'fessed up I'd have broken my heart if he hadn't asked me!

Well, there we were, sitting side by side in the sun, almost too happy to speak, when who should dash up but dear old dad himself, in a hansom with Sir George! He jumped out like lightning, and I hugged him till I choked. Somebody was glad to see me at last, and somebody was gladder to see him! The Captain wiggled his eyeglass and moved off a little to give me room, for I nearly ate him up—dad, I mean—and it came over me in waves how lonely and lost and desolate I had been without him. At last, recollecting Augustus, I unhanded pa and introduced him, getting so flurried that I called him Little Tommy by mistake.

"Little who?" demanded papa, wringing his hand in his warm, hearty, running-for-Congress way.

"Captain Morse-Galkyn, of the Royal Horse Artillery, papa," I said, ringing it out; "and I want you to be awfully nice to him, because we're engaged to be married!"

You never saw anybody look so dazed as papa, unless it was Sir George, who was hanging on the edge of the ring, like a referee at a prize-fight

"Aw, aw, er, er, how extraordinary!" he exclaimed. "God bless my soul! God bless my soul!"

But I noticed he looked as pleased as anybody

"Great people! Great people!" he went on "Carry everything before them, by gad! Augustus, my boy, aw, aw, er, er, I congratulate you, sir. I congratulate you!"

"Thank you, sir," said Augustus, beaming all over, while I pinched his arm and whispered: "Well done, Squadron K!"

(THE END)

Sequil, or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First

BY HENRY A. SHUTE

Author of The Real Diary of a Real Boy

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AUG. 7, 186— clowdy but no rain. me and Cawcaw went fishing agen today in the bote ferst i padled and he skiped and then he padled and i skiped. when we got up by the cove i got a bite and Cawcaw he padled the bote towards the shore and i gumped out lively and gumped into a deep place and went down way under. when i came up Cawcaw was nearly ded he laffed so. well i held onto my pole and swum to the shore it was only 3 stroaks and i sloshed up the bank and yanked that pikeril way into the bushes. he was a big one. Cawcaw did it purpose. sometime i am going to rock the bote sudding when Cawcaw is standing up skiping and he will go into the river kerswash.

AUG. 8, 186— hot as time. me and Beany rung some more doorbells tonite. we dident get cougt.

AUG. 9, 186— brite and fair. Potter Goram can stuf birds, so they look jest like they was alive. he stufed a red winged blackbird so good that the cat et it and dide. and then Potter he skun the cat and stufed her. i can skin the cat on the horrizondle bar, that is another way.

AUG. 10, 186— me and Beany rung sum more doorbells tonite we rung old Heads doorbell and then we tiptoed round by the side of his house into Jim Ellersons yard and laid down behind the current bushes well jest as old Head come piling out mad as time Pewt and Fatty Melcher come rite by and old Head grabed for them and Fatty he run and Pewt got caugt and old Head he jest lammed Pewt with his cain and Pewt holered he dident do it and old Head said he did and then he give Pewt sum good bats and sent him home balling. me and Beany most dide only we dident dass to laff out loud jest then father come out to see what Pewt was holering about and he said what is the matter Orrin and Mister Head he said sum cussid boy has been ringing my door bell most every nite and i cougt him tonite and licked him good. and father he said who was it, and Mister Head he said it was Brad Puringtons boy, and father said i am glad it wasent my boy, and Mister Head he said i am glad two but i gess your boy woodent be meen enuf to ring doorbells, and father he said i gess he woodent eether and then they went in and me and Beany we tiptode up Maple street and down town and then back home jest as if we had been down town all the time. that was a good one on Pewt. it made me think of the time Mister Watson Bennys father licked Beany when we rung his doorbell and he came to the door with a lamp and the wind blowed the lamp out and Mister Watson he bumped his head on the door.

AUG. 11, 186— brite and fair. i cant help laffing evry time i think of Pewt getting licked. it is a good one on Pewt.

AUG. 12, 186— brite and fair. tonite me and Beany tride the same trick on Nipper. we saw Nip go down town and we rung Bill Greenleefs bell 2 times before Nip come back. we hid in old Ike Shutes porch and peeked out of a little window. Bill he come out and run round the side of the house and then he run up street and looked behind trees and fences and swoar terible. me and Beany near dide. he was so mad that he staid up til nearly 10 oh clock waching. we cood see him peeking out of the window and we dident dass to go home til after 10 oh clock and i got licked for being late. if Nipper had only come home when he had aught to Bill wood have caught him and licked him and we wood have got home all rite. we will pay Nip for this.

AUG. 13, 186— brite and fair. nothing but church today.

AUG. 14, 186— brite and fair. i coodent go out of the yard today. Beany he come over and we are going to ring old man Hobbses door bell tomorrow nite. old man Hobbs is Pristis uncle.

AUG. 15, 186— brite and fair, and hot as time. tonite we rung old man Hobbses door bell 2 times. it was awful funny. the ferst time he come out kind of slow with a lamp. me and Beany were rite on the other side of the street laying down in the long grass. well he looked all round and walked out to the end of the piaza and then he went in muttering. bimeby we rung it agen and out he come prety lively but he dident catch us. if he was as lively as Bill Greenleef he wood have cougt us. well he went round the house and then old Missis Hobbs she came to the door and said what is it William, and he said it is some more of that Purington boys deviltry, and she said i wood speek to his father and old Hobbs he said he wood and then they went in. jest as we was going to ring the bell agen a man come walking quick down the street and went up to the door and rung the bell and jest as the bell rung old Hobbs opened the door quick and gumped out and grabed the man and said you rascul i have got you and the man said you old fool are you crasy and then old Hobbs he said i thougt it was that Purinton boy ringing my door bell and then the man went in the house and we wated til they had shet the door and we put for home and made some sweet firn segars. tomorrow old Hobbs is going to tell Pewts father. i never had so much fun in my life.

AUG. 16, 186— brite and fair. today Pewt come down to the house and said where was you last nite and i said me and Beany was making sweet firn segars over to Beanys and i gave him 2 segars. then Pewt he said that old Hobbs come down to his house today and told his father he rung his doorbell 2 times and Pewt said he dident and his father said he dident beleeve him and was going to lick time out of him if he had and he did it. Pewt was prety mad and i was prety surprized you bet. this afternoon they was a thunder storm. after it was over we went fishing but dident get a bite.

AUG. 17, 186— brite and fair. went up to Whacks this morning and Boog and Puzzy had 2 fites. neether licked becaus old miss Finton come out and stoped them. Boog got a bludy nose the second fite. in the afternoon i went fishing with Cawcaw. i dident get a chance to tip him over but we cougt 5 pikeril. tomorrow nite me and Beany are going to ring some doorbells.

AUG. 18, 186— clowdy but no rane. jest the right day to go fishing. i was going with Cawcaw but he was sick becaus he et to many apples up to Whacks. tonite Beany coodent go out of the yard becaus he dident split some kindlings so we dident ring enny doorbells. it was a prety meen day. all the fun i had was going in swiming.

AUG. 19, 186— prety hot today. i went in swiming 5 times. sumthing is the matter with my eyes i keep winking them all time. father keeps saying stop batting your eyes. i gess it is becaus i keep opening my eyes under water to see things on bottum. father says if i dont stop it i shant go in swimming enny more.

AUG. 20, 186— it raned this morning so hard that i dident have to go to church. bully

AUG. 21, 186— brite and fair. tonite me and Beany rung old Missis Sawyers bell. when she come out with the lamp we run into Pewts yard and then into Nat Weeks. she went in and come out agen with a shorl on and went rite over to mister Purintons and nocked at the door. we was near enuf to hear evrything. when Pewts father come to the door she said I think things has come to a prety pass if peeple cant keep their boy from trubling their nabors. and then Mr. Purinton Pewts father said what is the matter and Missis Sawyer she said your boy has been ringing my doorbell and Pewts father he said how do you know he did it and Missis Sawyer she said I see him run rite into your yard and so Pewts father he come out and went round the yard but coodent find ennybody so he said praps it was the Watson boy or the Shute boy and she said praps it was becaus she had heard they was prety bad boys. then Pewts father said it was a mersy if they dident both get into jale and she said she gessed the Shute boy was a trial to his father and mother and Pewts father he said he gessed the Watson boy was two. then he said if he was her he wood go rite down and see there fathers. when me and Beany heard that we clim over Nat Weeks fence esy and put for home. when we got there they was nobody in Beanys kichen and we went in esy and got the sweet firn and begun to make sweet firn segars. bimeby we heard old Missis Sawyer blabing to Beanys mother and she said she wood go in and see if Elly was in and when she come in Beany said mother jest see how many segars me and Plupy has made and he held up a lot that we made last week and she said you boys must have wirked a long time and Beany he said it takes a good deal of time to make so many and she went back looking prety pleased becaus she thougt Beany dident ring the old doorbell and she told old Missis Sawyer that we had been making sweet firn segars all the evening in the kitchin. so old Missis Sawyer went home kind of mad becaus it wasent me and Beany whitch rung her doorbell ennyway she thougt it wasent.

AUG. 22, 186— brite and fair.

AUG. 23, 186— brite and fair. tonite me and Pewt and Beany and Fatty Gilman and Fatty Melcher and Billy Swett and Gim Erly and lots of the fellers come up and plaid I spy the bull. one feller lays it and he shets his eyes at the gool and counts fifty and the rest of the fellers go and hide and when he has counted fifty he trys to find the fellers and tag his gool before they do. they is a stick leening aganst the gool and if one of the fellers can get to the gool ferst he can plug the stick as far as he can and the feller whitch is laying it has to run and get the stick and go back to the gool and leeve the stick there before he can find enny more fellers and if enny fellers has been cougt they can hide agen. so tonite we plaid it till nine oh clock and i had laid it most an hour when Pewt pluged the stick and hit old Bill Morril rite in the head jest as he came round the corner and he was mad as time and we put for home jest lively. Pewt dident meen to do it. Bill hadent aught to have been coming round the corner jest then ennyway. Bill told father they was the tufest set of boys in the naborhood he ever see. i was behind the current buches when Bill told father this and he showed father his old plug hat whitch was all dented in. father he said well Bill we usted to make things prety lively when we was boys. then he told Bill that he usted to ask his father if he cood go over and sleep with Gim Melcher and his father wood say yes, and Gim Melcher he wood ask his father if he cood go over and sleep with father and Gims father wood say yes, and they wood stay out all nite and raise time, and Gims father he wood think Gim was over to fathers house, and fathers father wood think father was over to Gims house and so they woodent get cougt. that wood be a prety good trick for me and Beany to try only father wood know two mutch. i gess that is the reason father finds out so mutch about me becaus he was prety tuf when he was a boy. i gess that is the reson why ministers boys is most always tuf becaus there fathers dont know how to find out what tuf things they do. i wish i was a ministers son so i cood be tuf and not get found out, only i wood have to go to church 3 times evry sunday.

AUG. 25, 186— brite and fair. i wish i was ded. a feller might as well be ded as to be getting licked all time for nuthing. tonite me and Beany wated till it was dark and we saw Bill Greenlef go down town. then we tide a string to his doorbell and hiched the other end to old printer Smiths door on the other side of the street and hauled it tite bimeby Bill he come back and went in the side door. then a man came by driving a horse and when the horse run agenst the string both doorbells rung before the string broak and out come Bill and old printer Smith. when they found they wasent ennyone there they was prety mad. Bill he run round looking behind fences and trees and old printer he swoar terible and went through Miss Sulivans and over to Nipper Browns and all round. me and Beany was hiding in Ike Shutes porch. bimeby they come back and talked. Bill said they must be 2 of them and old printer he said it was about time this thing was stoped and he was going to find out who did it if it took him all summer. well bimeby they went in to wate and see if ennyone rung there doorbells some more. Bill he said he wood leeve his door open jest a little and old printer Smith he said he wood leeve his open jest a little two so he cood gump out and lam time out of the feller whitch rung his bell. well bimeby me and Beany crep out esy and hunted round til we found the string and we tide it agen as tite as we cood and then we crep back into the porch and peeked through the window. bimeby old mister Lyford come up the sidewalk and when he come to the string it gerked his old plug hat of and he picked it up and brushed it and then went of. bimeby a hack came by and when it hit the string both door bells gingled feerful and Bill and old printer Smith came hipering out as if they was hiched to the string. Bill went to gump of the side of the steps and he got the string round his leg and went fluking and then hollered to old printer Smith that they was a string tide to his door bell and printer he hollered back that they was one tide to his two. then they swoar and talked sum and jest then Pewts father come out and they said it was Pewt and old Missis Sawyer she come out and she said it was Pewt two. well then they begun to hunt and look behind trees and into doorways and me and Beany got prety scart and bimeby we opened the door esy and hipered round Ikes house and ran rite into old printer and he grabed us both by the neck and holered i have got the misable cusses and he draged us out to the lite and Bill and Brad said it is George Shutes boy and Irv Watsons boy and they shook us up lively. well old Missis Sawyer wanted them to take us to jale but Pewts father and Bill and printer said to take us down to our fathers and so printer held us by the neck and marched us down the street and Pewts father and Bill come along two and old Missis Sawyer she came taging along talking all the time that we was the wirst boys in town. we went down to fathers ferst and he come out and Bill went over and called mister Watson. well he come over and they all went into the back yard and they told father about it and Missis Sawyer said she was going to have us arested and father he said if she wanted to arest me all rite but he wood get a lawyer and carry the case to the circus coart if it took evry cent he had and Mister Watson he said so two. and father he said he woodent have his boy disturbing his nabors and he wood lick me and make me beg evrybodys pardon, but it wasent merder or hyway robery to ring doorbells and if they wanted to arest me to sale rite in, and Mister Watson he said so two. then father and Mister Watson marched us up to old Hobbes and made us beg his pardon and old Hobbs told father we was the wirst boys in town and father aught to whale the life out of us, and then we went down to Pewts and had to beg his pardon for getting him a licking and then we went over to mister Heads and begged his pardon two. then father took me into the kichin and gave me a licking for eech doorbell that we rung. he give me a good one for Missis Sawyer becaus she was a woman and he said we dident have enny business to plage a woman, and he give me a prety good one for Bill becaus Bill was a prety good feller, and he only hit me one lick for old Hobbs becaus he was mad at what old Hobbs said and he dident hit me a lick for mister Head becaus Pewt got licked for it and he said Pewt had aught to have been licked so many times when he dident that one licking one way or the other woodent make much diference. the wirst was when I had to beg Pewts pardon

I wood rather get 2 lickings.

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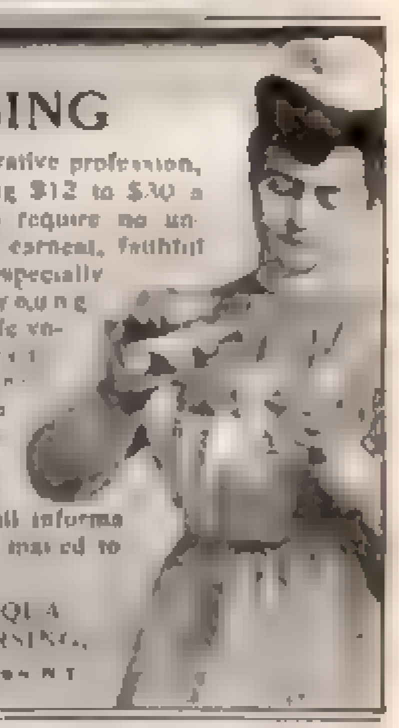

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HER EMPLOYER

(Continued from Page 7)

business, we go in to win. But it ain't going to be child's play, neither. I've got to do some hard thinking. To bring them together in a social way I'd be quite a little liable to make blunders in etiquette, wouldn't I? Better stick to the office; I'm more at home there. The uncongenial surroundings may send them edging up a little closer together, too. Hm-m! The office *and* the boss. Especially the boss. His strongest hold is to be his simple, unaffected self, and let contrast do the rest. Just shine out in his strongest colors, with no mitigating half-tones."

He threw away his cigar with a gesture of impatience. "Pr—r! What a contract! I wouldn't undertake it for anybody else in the world. But I've got to take care of that little girl. I ain't going to forgit the way she looked when she held out her hand—as if she trusted me. Just after I had been giving her a hint of the Sayers family history, too."

Whatever Mr. Sayers' other gifts as matchmaker, he had one that is not common. He kept his victims in a state of complete unconsciousness. When Thorne went into his office on business that should occupy five minutes and stayed half an hour, he merely thought as he went away that Sayers was an entertaining fellow, and wondered how that exceedingly nice stenographer of his could stand his want of culture, feeling a little impatient at a state of things that threw such women into such contact. And Anne marveled that she had been beguiled from her work into a pleasant little talk, and was conscious of a feeling of expansion, such as a convolvulus might experience in the sun, but saw no finger of intention in it.

When two people are congenial the fact may be discovered in a lawyer's office as well as anywhere else. Before many months these two had advanced so far in the pleasant ways of intimacy that Thorne would sometimes lend Anne a new book, or Anne would help him with suggestions about music for an amateur string quartette to which he belonged. Once, in a December storm, Thorne overtook her on the way to the office and without apology took the heavy, ice-sheathed umbrella from her hand and held it against the wind while he steadied and guided her steps.

And then—while his schemes were apparently maturing under his eyes—Sayers entered the office one morning to find Anne sitting at her writing-table in an attitude so expressive of disaster that, although her back was turned to him, he asked at once, "What's up, little one? Anything gone wrong I can set right?"

"Yes," she said, throwing down her pen, "you can help me by answering this for me."

She handed him a note dated that morning and written on the office stationery of Haycroft & Thorne.

"If you will not think it too cheeky of me to ask you a favor," he read, "please cut Sayers' nephew. He has just repeated a spiteful little story that your predecessor in the office invented about you. It's really beneath the notice of any sensible person, but I couldn't resist teaching him a lesson, and I warned him that I should tell you."

"Hm-m-m, so Mistress Carrie has been talking. Yes, I'll attend to it," said Mr. Sayers, pocketing the note.

Anne looked up at him with quick suspicion. "What will you say?"

"I'll tell him it was a joke you'n me put up on Carrie, just as I warned her."

"Then I'll answer it myself. He must be told the truth."

"Told the fiddlesticks! A lawyer's office ain't no place to tell the truth. Not unmixed, it ain't. I'll put in the right amount, never fear."

For answer, Anne drew a sheet of writing-paper to her and dated it.

Sayers took it from her.

"Now, look here, little girl, you leave this affair to me. Just see if you can't trust your godfather for once; he ain't going to neglect your interests up yonder because he looks after them down here. It's all right. If mortals could see into things as plain as the recording angel can they wouldn't need to git truth fixed up for them the way they do. But they can't, and sometimes the plain truth cheats them worse than anything you can give them. You tell Thorne you falsified my accounts and you may be writing the truth, but he'll read the biggest kind of lie. All I ask is, say nothing till I give you leave and then tell him what you like."

Anne began on another sheet of paper.

At that moment the office door opened and Thorne entered.

Both were men quick to think and act. Sayers had changed his whole plan of campaign to suit the inopportune accident before Thorne had lifted his hat. While Sayers went to his desk and returned Thorne took the chance to say in a low voice, "I was afraid you might misunderstand my note, Miss Featherstonhaugh, so I came over as soon as I could."

His eye caught his own name on a sheet of notepaper, and he saw that a tear was obliterating it.

"May I speak to Miss Featherstonhaugh for a minute, Mr. Sayers?" he asked.

"For an hour if you like," Sayers answered, his head pushed forward, his lower lip protruding, as he counted the roll of bills in his hand. "I think you'll find this O. K., Miss F.—your back salary and four weeks in advance." He returned Thorne's note to her, ostentatiously spread open. "Thank you for the reading of it. Of course, it must make it plain to you that your usefulness in this office is over."

She took the money mechanically.

"I don't understand," she said, looking up with a white face. "You knew it all before."

"Oh, yes, I heard Carrie's story and I knew she was telling the truth, but I thought I had shut her up."

Without looking in Thorne's direction he was aware of a change; the friendly lad had given place to Haycroft's junior partner.

After an awkward pause Thorne said coldly: "I'm sorry to have caused trouble by my unlucky note. Of course, I shouldn't have written it if I had thought there was one word of truth in the story. There's not, Miss Featherstonhaugh," he pleaded, dropping his guard.

"Oh, yes, there is," Sayers said. "She was just writing to tell you so, weren't you, Miss F.? She wanted me to do it, but I wasn't going to help Haycroft & Thorne to git on to worn spots in our coat-of-mail—eh, Thorne? I wanted to wait till I could say 'Miss Featherstonhaugh, *late* of our office.' There wasn't much to the story, anyhow; it was a tuppeny ha'penny little affair, at the best. But this office has got to be above suspicion, so——" He finished the sentence by picking up Anne's fur gauntlets from the table and handing them to her. She had not taken off her other outdoor things.

He held the door open for her. She walked toward it with a dazed look in her eyes.

"Miss Featherstonhaugh!" called Thorne, and hurried after her.

Sayers went to the window and looked through the slats of the shutter. Anne was walking very quickly. Once she opened her hand and looked at the roll of bills he had given her, as if wondering what it was she was carrying in such a tight clasp. Then Thorne said something that made her slacken her pace. Now he was talking eagerly and she was listening.

Sayers raised his pudgy hands with a gesture of paternal benediction.

"He didn't rise to the occasion with all the alacrity I could have wished, but he rose. Whew, it was taking risks! The next stenographer in this office is going to be a boy."

He sat down to his correspondence, but that look of Anne's came between him and the paper.

"I'll go to her boarding-house and make it all right with her this evening," he thought. "I couldn't have her thinking mean things of me overnight."

But Mrs. Ferrit told him Anne had gone.

"She said she'd left your office for good, and she packed up and went by train this afternoon."

"We did have a little quarrel to-day, Mrs. Ferrit, but I didn't think she'd take it so seriously and I came to make it up with her. Can you give me her address?"

"I cannot, Mr. Sayers. She never was communicative. Perhaps she's gone back where she came from."

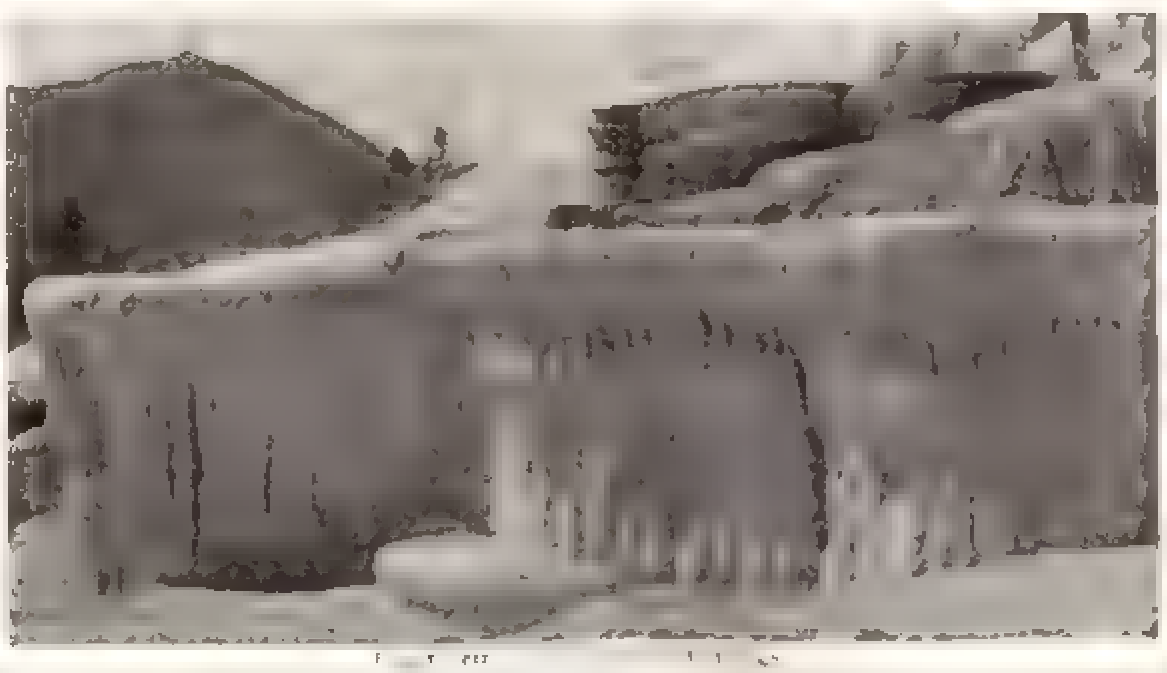
Mr. Sayers felt sure she had not. He caught sight of her writing on an envelope lying on the hall table. He picked it up, and finding it heavy, shook it. Loose change rattled.

"What's this?" he asked.

"It's money for her washerwoman."

He deliberately cut the envelope open and drew out a note, which he read. It contained directions to have her washing sent on and gave an address.

"I suppose I might have got it from Atherton," he said, as he copied it into his



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notebook "but it would have taken too long."

About noon of the following day he was sitting in a parlor of a small city house, waiting for an answer to his request to see Miss Featherstonhaugh. He looked about him and tried to guess whether this was a boarding house or the home of a friend. He had just recalled hearing her speak of a distant cousin in this city when he heard a step on the stairs Then he remembered that he had not the least idea what he was going to say to her.

When she saw who it was she held out her hands with a little sound of relief

"You weren't in earnest! Tell me you weren't!" she cried

He drew her hands together and held them. Her eyes were appealing to him for an explanation. "It was a poor joke—if you meant it for a joke."

"It wasn't exactly a joke," he said slowly. "Sit down and I'll tell you all about it."

She sat down and waited. He walked twice the length of the room and then seated himself facing her.

Nobody had ever before heard Sayers talking to hide confusion, and he could almost believe that his present audience meant to make the most of her opportunity. He saw, at least, that she was not going to help him on, so he made a plunge.

"Well, the long and short of it is, Thorne was the man I picked out as most likely to fill all the requirements of an adopted son-in law. He seemed your kind, and I thought you liked him."

He raised his eyebrows inquiringly, but her face remained expressionless

"And things appeared to be going on as smooth and pretty as a serial in a fashion magazine till that plaguy old story of Carrie's turned up agin. You see now why I didn't want it repeated to Thorne at that early stage of the proceedings—I didn't know what the effect might be. And then when he came into the office and I saw he was going to hear it—well, I did some pretty quick thinking I made up my mind he'd got to hear it in such a way that he'd come to the point right away quick if he thought as much of you as I guessed he did. Now, Miss F., it's up to you to tell the rest. Was it an inspiration or a bad break? Am I a genius or a brute?"

"Mr. Thorne did ask me to marry him after we left your office yesterday."

"Well?"

"Well, that's all there is to it. I had something else to think about just then. You had hurt me terribly, Mr Sayers."

Sayers dropped his face into his hands. When he lifted it, it was all distorted with feeling

"I hurt myself more, little one," he said huskily. "Last night was the first time since my father died I ever sat up with a sore heart I knew I thought a heap of you, but I didn't know *how* much till you went out of my office yesterday. I felt like I did once when I was a boy and put my big foot on a kitten's paw And all day long I didn't know which I wanted most, to kill Thorne if he didn't ask you or to kill him if he did. . . . Then when I found you'd gone I didn't care much for anything but to find you agin."

"I'm glad you suffered," she said vindictively. "You deserved it"

"Oh, if that gives you any satisfaction, I guess the bad deeds of a lifetime have been paid for in the last twenty-four hours, as far as suffering can do it. I didn't know one small person could give a man so many bad quarters of an hour. You see, I never adopted my stenographer before."

There was an expression in her eyes he could not read. A wave of deeper red surged over his face

"Look here, little one," he broke out with sudden energy, "this ain't one of those fool matinée cases where the man gives the woman up to a better man. I hope you know I ain't such a conceited idiot. You do, don't you?"

She gave him one of her faint little smiles

"Now, what does that mean?" he asked, throwing himself helplessly back in his chair

But she would not help him. She laid her hands quaintly together in her lap, and said in her primmest manner

"To come back to business, Mr. Sayers, if I should need references——"

But he leaned forward and seized her hands "Look here, little one," and there was something in his eyes that shattered the primness, "you don't mean to tell me that you could ever think of me for one minute as anything more than a Fairy Godfather? I *couldn't* have such luck."

She resigned her hands to him and met his look with a brave sincerity

"When I left your office yesterday, Mr Sayers," she said quietly, "I found that I was leaving all I cared for in the world behind"

HURRICANE ISLAND

(Continued from Page 11)

"No; they won't venture just yet," I replied. "It's not their game, at least not Holgate's. He's giving us time to find the treasure, and then he'll attack."

"I wish you wouldn't talk riddles," said Barraclough shortly

"I'll speak out when we get to the Prince," I said; and forthwith we hastened to his room.

"Mr. Morland," I burst forth, "Pye came aboard as representing your solicitors?"

"That is so," he replied with some surprise in his voice and manner.

"He was privy, then, to your affairs—I refer to your financial affairs?" I pursued.

"My solicitors in London, whom I chose in preference to German solicitors, were naturally in possession of such facts relating to myself as were necessary to their advice," said the Prince somewhat formally.

"And Pye knew what they knew—the contents of the safes in the strong-room?"

He inclined his head. "It was intended that he should return from Buenos Ayres after certain arrangements had been made for which he would lend his assistance."

"Then, sir," said I, "Pye has sold us. Pye is the source of the plot; Pye has the treasure"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the Prince rising.

"Why, that Pye has been in league with the mutineers all along, and—now I understand what was the meaning of his hints last night He knew the attack was to be made, and he is a coward. He locked himself up to drink. Now he is gone"

"Gone!" echoed Barraclough and Lane together, and there was a momentary silence, which the latter broke.

"By gum, Pye's done us brown, browner than a kipper! By gum, to think of that little wart getting the bulge on us!"

"I should like to know your reasons, Doctor," said Prince Frederic at last.

"I'm hanged if I can puzzle it out yet myself," said Barraclough. "If they've got it, why the deuce do they come and demand it from us?"

"Oh, *they* haven't got it," I said. "It's only Holgate and Pye. The rank and file know nothing, I'll swear. As for my reasons, sir, here they are——" And with that I told them what I knew of Pye from my first meeting with him, giving an account of the transactions in the Three Tuns, and narrating many incidents which now seemed in the light of my discovery to point to the treachery of the clerk. When I had done Lane whistled, the Prince's brow was black, but Barraclough's face was impassive. He looked at me

"Then you are of opinion that Holgate is running this show for himself?" he asked

"I will wager ten to one on it," I answered "That's like him. He'll leave the others in the lurch if he can. He's aiming at it. And he'll leave Pye there, too, I shouldn't wonder. And if so, what sort of a man is that to make terms with?"

Barraclough made no answer. For a man of his even nature he looked troubled.

"If this is so, what are you in favor of?" he said at last.

The Prince, too, looked at me inquiringly, which showed that he accepted my theory.

"Go on as we are going, and trust to luck," said I.

"Luck!" said the Prince, raising his fingers. "Chance! Destiny! Providence! Whatever be the term we must abide it. It is written, gentlemen; it has been always written. If God design us for escape we shall yet avoid and upset the calculations of these ruffians. Yes, it is written. You are right, Doctor. There must be no faint heart. Sir John, give your orders and make your dispositions. I will take my orders from you."

This significant speech was delivered with a fine spontaneity, and I must say that the man's fervor impressed me. If he was a fatalist he was a fighting fatalist, and I am sure he believed in his fortune. I was not able to do that, but I thought we had, in the vulgar phrase, a sporting chance.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The Waking of the Sleepers

BY GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

YOUNG HALSEY was what older men called a very decent young fellow. Men of his own age thought him bright and a man with a future; but his intimate friends were men older than himself, men who gave him a mature trend, much wisdom, and a distaste, perhaps, for the things that a man of his age should have liked better. He was a reader and a thinker in his way, he associated with men of a rather thoughtful kind, and he read the heavily intellectual evening paper that was supposed to disseminate the best ideas about the reform of politics He had ideas of his own, however, about the righteousness of the organization, and from the time of his first vote he had belonged to the machine He had worked with the machine, and had done the detail and, to him, objectional work that the machine asked of its adherents, although much of it was of a kind that he felt was far beneath him—and perhaps it really was

He had expected that this association and cooperation with the workers would bring his reward when his time came, for Halsey was a man with ambitions. It was with a keen disappointment that he realized that, though he was considered capable in his profession, and had numerous distinguished friends who believed implicitly in his future, the political workers, noting his willingness to be one of themselves, had made him so in most surprising manner. He became so far one of them as to be expected to enthuse over the incompetent candidates that the organization put up. He had made his first decided stand against this a year previous, with the result that the workers distrusted him and the better element in the organization, to whom he thought he might appeal, avoided him, fearing nothing so much as a failure. He had taken the whole thing good naturedly, for he felt strong, and he had as consolation a lively interest in things that politics didn't touch.

A year had gone by and his protest seemed to have borne fruit. The organization was bent on nominating, for the Assembly, a man grossly unfit for the position, and even some of the workers summed up enough courage to protest—to one another. Halsey's independent attitude caused many of the complainants to come to him; and, after thinking the matter over, he agreed to stand for the nomination as a protest, for he knew there was no chance of winning

He had talked with the "one girl in the world" about it, because the "one girl in the world" thought everything that he said beautiful and true; and a man, especially a young man, can't very well resist that feeling. On this particular September afternoon the receipt of an over-hopeful note from the girl had made him realize that she had misunderstood, and as the girl was just too good and kind for anything, he felt he owed her an awful lot for misunderstanding in just that way.

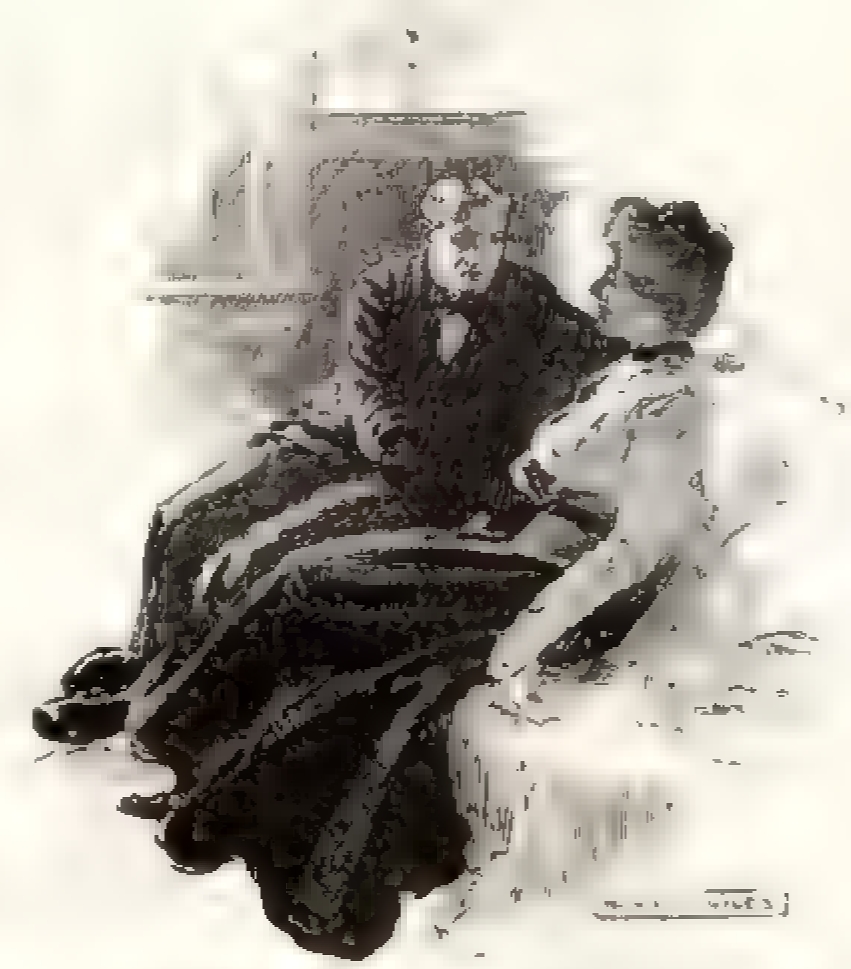
The humor of it struck him first and he smiled good-naturedly; and then the grim sentimental side loomed up and he thought how rich she was and how poor he was—in everything but principle—and he swore, not vulgarly, but quite emphatically. He knew she loved him, but the idea of asking her to marry him seemed ridiculous. In her presence he sometimes forgot how little he had to claim as his own; but in the presence of her friends—never.

His walk uptown brought him to one of the quiet residential streets on the West Side. He paused before a respectable and prosperous looking dwelling, drew a long breath with a fatalistic sigh at the end of it, and then mounted the steps.

"I think it is just fine for a man to do those things," the girl with the rolls and rolls of light brown hair was saying enthusiastically.

The dark girl shook her muff and looked critical. "Of course, it's well for a man to have ambitions, but politics are rather vulgarizing"

The blonde girl's rosy cheeks got a little redder. "What a horrid thing to say, Edna!" she exclaimed "Think of all the great men who have been in politics Webster, and Lincoln, and Grant, and—er—and Washington, and——" She paused in an embarrassed way and then added brightly and convincingly, "and James Russell Lowell."



HE HAD TALKED WITH THE "ONE GIRL IN THE WORLD"

"Lowell wasn't a politician," said the brunette, with the calmness of one possessed of unlimited information

"But he was in politics."

"But not the kind of politics Mr Halsey is in' And then she said after a moment's silence 'What is his idea in wanting to go to Congress, anyway?"

"It isn't Congress"—apologetically

"Then what is it?"

"It's the Assembly, the State Assembly, said the blonde, firmly repeating and adding to it that it might sound impressive

"Heavens!" The dark girl sat erect "Why, that's like the Aldermen!"

The bell rang then and both girls were silent. The girl called Edna went through a mental process equivalent to smoothing out and came out cold and dignified. Her friend sat nervously and expectantly still, and when the questioning and answering were over at the door, jumped up and shook hands in an animated way with a boyish-looking young man

"Awfully glad you came in," she said in her very intense way. He gave her a glance full of meaning and then noticed a third person in the room.

He bowed very stiffly to "Miss Harris,' as he called her, and then the three sat down Miss Harris went away very shortly after Halsey's arrival

She had hardly gotten outside the door when her friend faced the young man with flushed and angry face

"Ralph," she said, springing up; "Ralph, you must win!"

The young man looked a little perplexed, then amused, and made a wry face as he answered

"I'm afraid, Maud, that's impossible."

"Don't say that," she said, leaning over, affectionately preemptive. "A man like *you* especially shouldn't say that anything is impossible; you know it—you told me so."

"Well, if I told you so," he said with a smile, "then there's no doubt about it's being so."

"Now I'm not fooling; you know how much I believe in you. Well, I've talked to Edna Harris and everybody and if you don't succeed——" She paused and looked tearful and then burst out: "But you must succeed!"

Halsey looked more and more perplexed. "Well, Maud, you know I told you that I never expected to win; that I only went into the fight on principle, and I haven't any more chance than you have."

"But you must, you must," insisted the girl. "Nobody ever won by giving up—go in and win—just make up your mind——"

The young man leaned over and took her gently by the hand and drew her to the chair that she had vacated and near which she had been standing uneasily during this discussion. She let herself be ruled in this way and then he took her hand and stroked it, looking very gravely into her eyes all the while

"Maud," he said, very seriously, "you don't know how good it makes me feel to hear you talk this way even though I know it's next to impossible to do what you ask. To think that you care at all makes me feel—but what's the use in going on with that?"

He paused and looked pained and then went on again with the original thread of his conversation. "You've asked me to do something, Maud—asked me most unselfishly to do something for myself. I don't think I shall succeed, but I'm going to do all that a man can do—because you asked me.'

Then he stood up. While he spoke, her vehement attitude had softened and softened, and when he ended she was looking happily and proudly at him.

"Won't you stay to dinner?" she said gently.

He ignored the appeal of eyes and voice and, looking first over her head blankly and then into her eyes, said:

"No, Maud, I must begin to-night." She gave him her hand; he shook it lingeringly, and went out without looking at her again.

The next evening (it was the eighth day before the convention was to be held) Halsey had four of the political workers with whom he was on intimate terms take dinner with him at a little uptown restaurant. The men were of a variety of ages and occupations. One man, about thirty, was a clerk in a drug store; another, a very distinguished-looking man about fifty, was a lawyer; a third, aged forty, was a carpenter; and the fourth was a reporter on a daily paper. The last was Halsey's confidant

As they sat down he told his guests that politics was tabooed until the dinner was finished; the lawyer and the reporter smiled approbation at this, and the drug clerk and the carpenter began to talk politics at once They all enjoyed the dinner except the carpenter, who insisted on drinking beer all through the meal, much to the drug clerk's emphatically expressed disgust. Cigars were passed around—the carpenter took one and put it in his pocket and lit his pipe, the drug clerk protesting vigorously that this wasn't manners. They all "lit up" and Halsey began:

"Now you all know that I went into this thing without a hope of winning and that the only object in having my name presented to the convention at all was to make it understood that existing methods of choosing candidates——"

The lawyer said "Exactly," and the others nodded approval.

"I asked you here to-night," he went on, "because you are all intimately acquainted with the delegates and because you are my friends." More nods. "Now I believe"—he paused and then added slowly and impressively—"that with your assistance I can get that nomination."

The reporter was the only one who didn't change his attitude at this announcement. He had known what was coming and he enjoyed watching the various ways the workers were affected. The lawyer was politely incredulous, the carpenter delighted, while the drug clerk stared perplexedly ahead of him in an endeavor to get a definite impression as to the way he was affected by the announcement.

"On what do you base your statement?" finally asked the lawyer

Halsey drew a list of the delegates out of his pocket and spread it out before him.

"In the first place," he said, "you all know that there are a lot of people who

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would be with us if they thought we could succeed; men like Hartman, Graham and O'Farrell." These men had, in their turn, been leaders of the district, and while they were outwardly strong friends of the present Boss, they secretly encouraged any little insurrection, no matter what its motive, hoping that it would be successful and, by overturning the present leader, create a desirable vacancy. Each of these men, unknown to the others, had patted Halsey on the back and told him that while they couldn't vote for him on account of their friendship for the Boss, at the same time he must feel that they were firm admirers of his and that they wished him success

"Are you sure of that?" asked the drug clerk.

"Positive," answered Halsey. "Now, when such men favor our movement, the great thing is to become sufficiently strong to encourage them to speak out, and I think we can accomplish that"

He spread the list of delegates out very flat

"At present we have about twenty delegates out of the 109. Your nominating speech, Mr. Cameron" (he turned to the lawyer), "will bring us some, I'm sure. Then there will be a number who, if they saw there was a great big fight on, might be emboldened to back away from the Boss' candidate—the fellows who wouldn't listen to argument but who would be carried away by the idea of a scrap. To rouse them we need a fire-eater. And"—he leaned over and spoke in a whisper—"I've got a fire-eater."

The lawyer took off his glasses and rubbed them over carefully. He wasn't pleased with the idea that the fire-eater's speech would be more effective than his own. "Who is he?" he said with a slight cough.

"Goldman—Gus Goldman." The wine clerk sniffed. He had had a personal quarrel with Goldman. But the lawyer nodded assent. Goldman was a young lawyer, a spellbinder with the reputation of being a red-hot talker, and an enemy of the present leader.

Helms, the reporter, had been watching Mr. Cameron, and he thought he could repair a slight mistake that his friend had made.

"Now your speech, Mr. Cameron," he said with a graceful wave of the hand, "will get the thinking class of delegates—unfortunately they are few—and it will show them that we are to be respected. Goldman's speech will catch the fly-by-nights who are necessary because they have votes."

It was said very effectively, with a great deal of sincerity, and the lawyer, though he smiled deprecatingly at this judgment of his ability, was appeased

For the third time Halsey straightened out the roll of paper on which were the names of the delegates. What he had to say he expected to be a surprise, and there was a humorous twinkle in his eye as he spoke

"You, Joe (the carpenter), and you, Frank (the drug clerk), are election district captains You named the delegates to the convention: I see" (looking down on his list) "that you have four delegates each. How many of these men on the ticket do not know they are delegates, never will know, and therefore will not appear at the convention?"

Frank said reluctantly: "Two." Joe more boldly replied: "I've got two 'sleepers,' of course. Every delegation has 'em Some delegations are all 'sleepers.' I put two on mine so I don't have to put my own name on the primary ticket too often. Then I substitute myself." Joe evidently felt that he had been unjustly accused.

"Exactly," said Halsey, with a confident smile at Helms, who knew what was coming; "every delegation, and there are twenty-nine of them, has a couple of sleepers on. The men selected for sleepers are usually business men or professional men who ordinarily, even if they knew they were delegates, wouldn't bother to come to a convention. All the election district captains put them on because they make the primary ticket look respectable, and at the same time their non-appearance on convention nights lets in as substitutes all the sure-enough workers, the fellows who have jobs, etc., and who can be depended on. If these 'sleepers' were informed why they are put on the ticket and if their interest could be aroused, they could come to that convention and break the strongest slate ever made Gentlemen" (Halsey leaned over in his excitement and brought his fist down on the table), "gentlemen, we must wake up the sleepers."

"What do you think of that?" shouted Helms, having contained himself with difficulty until the end was reached

The drug clerk looked a little amazed, the carpenter in his excitement put his pipe in his mouth with the bowl upside down, while the lawyer leaned over and very gravely shook Halsey by the hand. "That's a great idea," he said impressively; "a great idea."

Halsey leaned back, immensely satisfied with the effect that he had produced

"No, Mr. Cameron, I don't think it is a great idea, for it only means a personal canvass, and that is common enough up the State. The trouble is that here the organization has had things so much its own way that it has got careless; and now I think we've got 'em"

"But before we do this," said the drug clerk, to whom the plan was not entirely clear, and who would rather see something done that he could thoroughly understand, "why not go and see the Senator?"

"The Senator!" It was the first time that Mr Cameron had shown any emotion. "The Senator!" he repeated; and this time it was almost a shriek. "If I thought you'd go to him, Mr. Halsey," and he looked into the young man's face in a menacing way, "I'd have nothing to do with you"

Halsey looked perturbed: the name evidently did not have the significance for him that it had for his elder friend. "Why," he said slowly, "I think you're a little harsh in your judgment of the Senator, but" (and he brightened as he saw a possible rent in his forces patched up) "it's no use, anyway."

"The Senator's with the Boss, all right," grinned Helms, in a tone that settled that question

Then they took up the "sleepers" and discussed how they were to be most speedily and efficiently "woke up." They went over the list of delegates and crossed all that they knew were office-holders and in other ways under obligation to the Boss. The rest were divided into groups and each of the company agreed to call on the men in his group and enlist their efforts in Halsey's behalf. The party broke up shortly after ten and the men shook hands and parted, feeling serious and weighted with responsibility. Helms walked home with his friend. For the first two blocks neither spoke a word and then the reporter, as though speaking for the two, burst out:

"Even if you do get it, Ralph, you couldn't marry her."

They walked another half block before the other replied, slowly

"No, but it might be the beginning of something."

The canvass of the "sleepers" went on at a lively rate They "woke up" with an alertness and a willingness that served to double the efforts of the canvassers. They expressed indignation at their names being used without their consent and agreed to come to the convention and vote for Halsey Helms went about and saw the various city editors that he had worked for and been "fired by," as he expressed it; waylaid several reporters who "did politics"; and "worked up the newspaper end in great shape." Halsey was a bit annoyed when he saw some of the interviews that Helms had written without his consent

"I'm not fighting the organization, Charley," he protested. "If the organization candidate wins at the convention he won't have any more loyal supporter than I." Charley said, "All right," and went on writing interviews and paragraphs declaring that the turbulent condition of political affairs in the ——th Assembly District bordered on bloodshed; he deposed the leader several times, hinted that the Senator would soon step in and interfere, and was only kept from having the President involved in the "contest" by the alertness and unbelief of a cynical artist of the blue pencil. He talked politics morning, noon and night, although never before had he been interested in even national politics and issues, except from a reporter's regard for a "story." But he knew there was a girl and that his friend loved her.

The city editors along Park Row declared that if little Helms didn't stop bringing in his fake stories about that fight up in the ——th District there'd be the deuce to pay.

Of course the blonde girl cut out all the little interviews and paragraphs and pasted them in a book. Then she bought extra copies and had them handy, and whenever Edna Harris "ran in" she would take them up and say: "I was just reading an interview with Mr. Halsey in the Morning So-and-So." It was quite effective at first, and the brunette really seemed awed at the prominence given to the young man, but when she went home one of the male folks who was up in politics told her that young Halsey was really making a fuss over nothing, that the nomination was all "fixed," and that when the convention met Halsey would be a "rank outsider"

Maud heard all this with remarkable composure, but when the tormentor had gone she sent a hastily written and wildly worded message to Ralph, and he came and assured her (it was the day before the convention) that he stood a good chance of winning and that, even if defeated, he would make a creditable showing.

The next night the girl was to have gone to a reception with her mother and father. She said that, instead, she would stay home and wait for Halsey to come and tell her the news

The day of the convention was spent by Halsey and Helms in strengthening the line. When six o'clock came Helms went to dinner, but the would-be candidate declared that time was too valuable, told his friend he would meet him at the convention hall at eight o'clock, got a cab and spent two hours in strengthening the weak-backed ones.

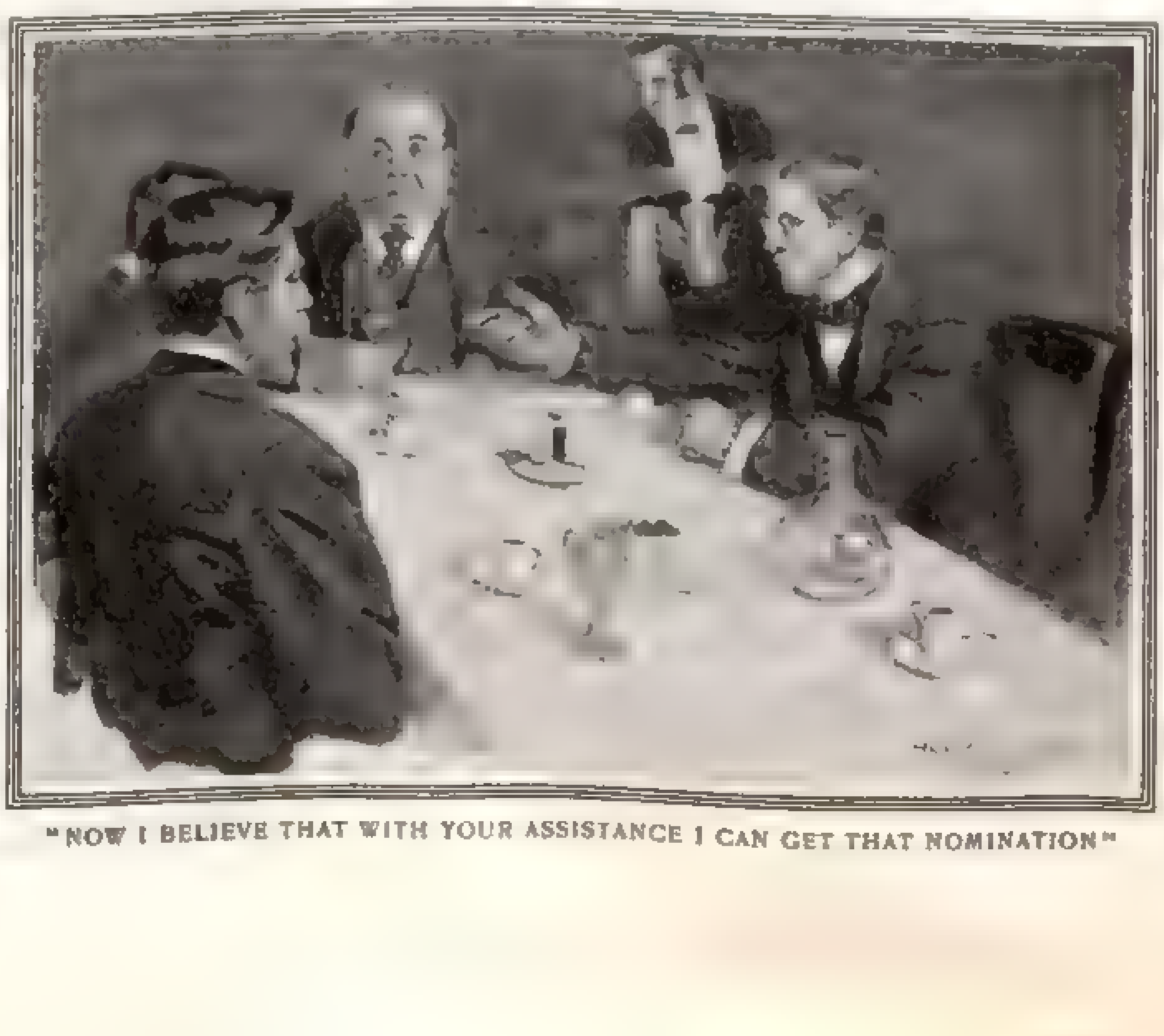
Flushed and tired, he arrived at the convention hall just as the delegates were going in. Helms met him on the stairs. "You're up against it," he said excitedly.

"What do you mean?"

"Come up and learn." They went up to the committee room and there he saw the Boss, Goldman, the drug clerk and the carpenter in consultation. When he came in the three others got up and left, the leader remaining seated.

"How do you do, Ralph?" he said in a pleasant voice He was really a man of brains and ability, and though Halsey was apparently fighting him he had the greatest respect for him. "I'd like to speak to you for a minute." Halsey went over and sat down.

"We've decided to withdraw Bellamy," he said.



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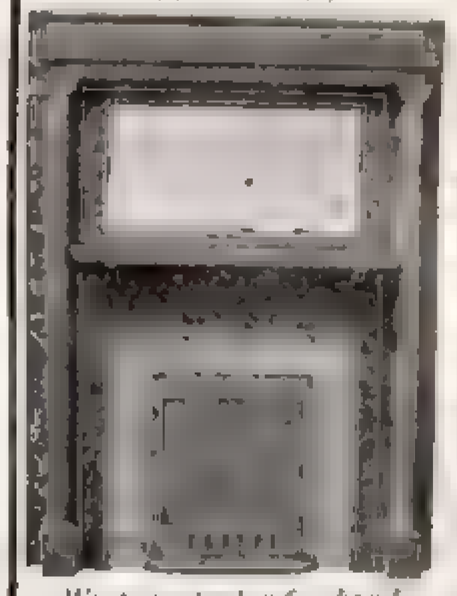

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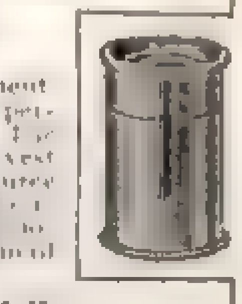

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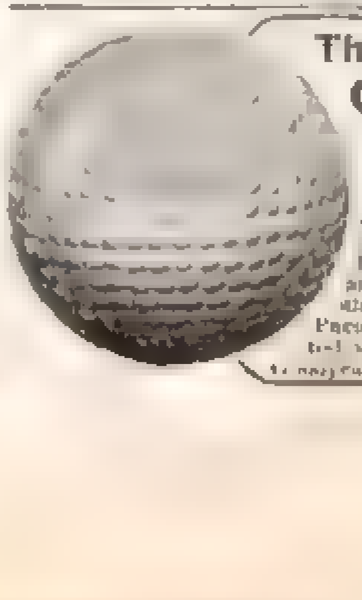

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Halsey gasped — was he to have the unanimous nomination? The elder man evidently saw what was in his mind and, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder, he said the rest very gently and kindly. "I know you think I'm a tyrannical boss, but I'm not. I only do what I think is best for the party and the district; and Bellamy's nomination was put to me in such a light that I could do nothing but favor him. I'd rather see you get it and I think that some day you will, but at present the concensus of opinion is that you are too young. Now, you have made your fight on the ground, not that you wanted it so much, but that Bellamy didn't deserve it. We've come to the conclusion, in a way, that you are right, and we've picked out a man that ought to represent your ideas — and that's Mr. Cameron."

Halsey felt that his heart had almost stopped beating.

And this was the end of it? He thought of all his work, his energy and scheming, and he thought of the girl

"I'd like to think for a moment," he said finally, very quietly; and then got up and walked into the next room. Cameron and Helms were there, waiting for him. The lawyer came up to him immediately and took Ralph's outstretched hand in a manner indicative of fear and doubt. He was a man whose sensitive nature had prevented him from ever outwardly seeking what he very much desired, and the nomination offered to him had unbalanced him though it pleased him beyond measure

"I haven't accepted their offer yet," he said nervously, "and I will not if you object to it."

"It's no use," said Helms dismally; "we wouldn't win, anyway. We claimed to be making a fight for principle ——"

"We *claimed!*" repeated Halsey sternly. "We *did* make a fight for a principle."

"Well," replied the reporter disgustedly, "we win then."

There was a moment's silence. Cameron leaned uneasily against the wall.

"The convention is called to order," shouted one of the "workers" through the door

"Mr. Cameron," said Halsey rapidly, "you're the sort of man that should go to the Assembly. Our fight has done something." And he warmly shook the old man's hand

"You're very generous," the old man stammered, "and I shall never forget it."

The Boss appeared at the door

"Well, Ralph," he said, in his most pleasant way; "is it fixed?" He looked curiously at the doubtful attitude of the three men

"Yes, it's fixed," was the ex-would-be-candidate's almost whispered response.

"Good. Will you make the nominating speech?"

"I'll have to say something, I suppose, to explain why I've withdrawn," he said thoughtfully; and then he added, in a decisive whole-souled manner: "I'll make the nominating speech gladly"

The four shook hands all around and went down to the convention hall arm in arm.

He reached the home of the blonde girl with his hair more disheveled than ever, his collar wilted.

"It was awfully good of you to let me come so late," he said. He was trying to appear bright and cheerful, but it was a terrible effort.

"Tell me, tell me quick!" In her excitement she was holding his hand very tightly. "Did you get it? Did you?"

"No," he said slowly; and then, recognizing that his tone was rather despondent, he added with a light laugh: "No, I didn't."

She turned pale. "How many votes did you get?" she finally asked.

"I didn't get any." There was a big lump in his throat. "It's a funny story." And then he began a recital of the evening's happenings. He got as far as where the "nominating man" rather feebly tried to excuse himself, and she suddenly burst into tears.

"Don't cry, Maud; it isn't so bad as that," he said

"I know it will be all right eventually," she sobbed, "but just think what that horrid Edna Harris will say."

He felt a terrible sharp pain in his breast. "Is it," he said — "is it because Edna Harris ——"

"No, no!" The girl was herself in a moment. "Don't think that, Ralph. I believe in you and I want other people to admire you, and I ——"

She stopped and blushed and hung her head. There was a pause for just a second, but it was long enough for Halsey to look backward and then into future, and then bitterly "size up" the present (he didn't dare look at the girl). Slowly their hands unclasped. Then he stood up very vigorously

"Maud, I don't want to be foolish," and he laughed as if they both were jesting; "but ——" He looked down at her and added with a smile: "I'm working out my own salvation on thirty a week — and you haven't any idea what license that allows"

She laughed — more at his tone than his idea

"Can't we ——" and she looked at the floor and blushed again.

"You don't mean, Maud" — he had taken her hands in his, which were trembling as much as her own — "you don't mean that you would be willing to live on ——"

"Yes," firmly, and with eyes looking full into his: "I do."

But they didn't long.

THE "DOPE SHEET"

(Concluded from Page 3)

Therefore I asked the City Council to pass an ordinance placing the tickers under the license system, charging a nominal annual fee, and giving the administration the power to regulate. The carrying of race-track information and other gambling information by them was absolutely forbidden. The man using a ticker service was obliged to file an application with the city, describing the use to which he put the ticker, giving a plan showing where his connection with the Western Union wires was made, declaring that no information to be used in making bets was taken, and depositing a bond for the fulfillment of the ordinance relating to the ticker service. The sending of gambling information by the telegraph companies was absolutely forbidden

We were given the ready support of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Although the ordinance must have cut off $100,000 a year from the revenue of the company the officials asked only that they be assured that no other company would be allowed to undertake the service they gave up. With this assurance they gave us their cooperation, and the ticker ordinance went into effect.

The handbook makers, hard hit by this movement against them, substituted the telephone for the ticker. Instruments were placed in the places where bets were made, and the information necessary for the making and settling of bets was sent over the wires of the Chicago Telephone Company as soon as it had been received at the centres of race-track betting.

This expedient served the purpose almost as well as the ticker had done, and the fight opened along a new line. I detailed the assistant chief of police, Herman Schuettler, an energetic, resourceful police officer, with a squad of men, to hunt down these telephone exchanges and the saloons and betting-rooms they supplied.

When the evidence had been obtained we carried it before the officials of the telephone company. It was in this feature of the contest that the Chicago fight against race-track betting most nearly compared with the New York fight which followed it. In New York, which took up the same line of action previously adopted in Chicago, the city found the Western Union Company hard to convince. In Chicago we had the Chicago Telephone Company to deal with. It must be said in fairness that the officials of the company finally came to the aid of the city and now are working hand in hand with the police.

When it was demonstrated to the company that the handbooks were in existence by the aid of the telephone wires the men back of the telephone management decreed that the service should not be used for such purposes.

In convincing the company it was necessary to go to the men of the directorate, men of the highest business and social position in the city. This was what New York did afterward with the Western Union Company, going directly to the men and women in control of the company.

With the telephone company back of the city the suppression of handbooks depended merely on detection. The tickers were out. We had still the power of revocation where the evidence involved a saloonkeeper. We were able to cut off the telephone wires where they were found to be supplying the information. The telephone company sent its men to take out wires as rapidly as our detectives reported their use for handbook making. We also had the power of the courts, but the securing of legal evidence sufficient to secure conviction is one of the slowest, hardest methods of fighting a vice of this description, and the other methods brought speedier and more satisfactory results.

The handbook is still with us, and probably will be with us, in spite of all a city single-handed can do. At least it has been reduced to proportions that are not threatening the moral welfare of the city, and six months ago this could not be said

As a further step in the fight to drive out the bookmakers entirely I have asked the Council to have prepared a bill for the Legislature when it meets next winter. The aldermen have ordered the bill drawn, and if the State Assembly will pass it we shall be aided materially.

It is the purpose of this bill to make illegal the publication of race-track information which is used primarily and entirely for the making of bets. It is not a part of our intention to suppress any information for those interested in horse-racing as horse-racing. I figure that such a person does not care to know in advance what the condition of the track may be, how much weight a horse carries, what the odds against it are. Such information is of interest in advance to the man who bets on the races but not essential to the man who is merely interested in the horse race; or, at least, it is a thing he can do without until the race has been run, and no great damage to his pleasure.

Such, in brief, is the line of action taken in the first systematic campaign against the "dope sheet" and the dangerous national disease it spreads.

There still remains action to be taken by the Federal Government before any measures adopted by a city or a State can be thoroughly effective. If Congress will take the same cognizance of race-track gambling that it did of the Louisiana lottery it will be possible to exterminate the former as the latter was exterminated. The use of the mails must be forbidden to race-track gamblers. It must be made illegal to transmit race-track "dope" from one State to another.

Until this has been done the individual cities and States may wage war more or less effectual but without complete success

I have already pointed out some of the dangers which threaten as a result of the race-track mania. It would be possible to elaborate on this theme if there were any necessity for it to convince thinking people that the danger exists.

I have been told by a credit man of a wholesale house that a particularly apt illustration of the power of the mania was recently afforded in his line of business. The retail stores with which he is connected commercially were recently made patrons of the racing form sheets. These are delivered every evening after the results have been obtained. They are scattered throughout the city for the convenience of race-track followers, for their close study and perusal.

Each card is surrounded soon after delivery by groups of men who have "played" the races of the day, and their talk concerns itself with loss and profit.

Since this particular class of retail stores has been taking the "dope" cards the credit man said he was at a loss for accurate information as to the financial standing of the proprietors. Many had been taken with the mania. They had heard the stories of easy winnings discussed night after night by the groups about the "dope sheets" until they had been filled with the desire for suddenly and easily acquired wealth, and the hazard of race-track gambling had been added to the ordinary business risks.

If necessary to prove the danger, it would be possible to recite case after case of individual disaster in every walk of life resulting from the mania. The story of wrecked lives and ruined careers which starts at the race-track is a long one and fairly well known

The race-track mania is the successor to the Louisiana lottery, and must be treated as such.

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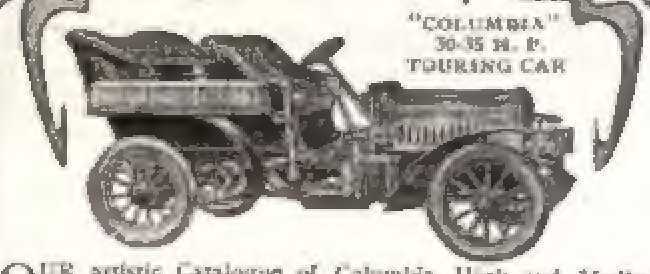

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I live in a little town not many miles from Long Island City, and, although I mean well, I am of a somewhat blundering habit. So Mrs. Danton says, and she ought to know.

I have a soft heart but I lack executive ability. My wife phrases it differently, making the adjective soft qualify another noun, but wherever the softness comes in I know that I am continually in hot water through my efforts to make other people happy.

In our town there are many kinds of people: some kindly and attractive, others hard-headed and uncompromising. Of the latter kind a notable example is Edward T. Haskins, the well-known Wall Street magnate: hard as nails and unlovely, but successful ever since he reached out his hand for his first dollar.

One of the most attractive men is lacking in mental balance. Hiram Camp is his name, and you might spend an afternoon with him and gain no notion that he was other than a gentle, lovable old gentleman. Years ago he was president of a large concern in Connecticut, but about five years since he began to show signs of mental aberration and retired from business. Although perfectly safe, he is not allowed at large without an attendant, as his mania has taken the form that he must go to New York to attend a directors' meeting, and once he eluded his companion and took a train "for New York" that landed him at Sag Harbor, penniless.

About a week ago I stood at my window shaving (I was taking a week's holiday), when my eyes conveyed to me the information that old Mr. Camp was walking by our house in the direction of the station, and that he was alone and going quite fast, for, although mentally unbalanced, he has a vigor of body that often accompanies that manifestation.

Mrs. Danton was sewing in the next room, and I called out to her:

"Why, there goes Mr. Camp, all alone."

She rushed to the window, all excitement in an instant.

"Why, that's Mr. Haskins," said she.

"Better have your eyes examined, my dear," said I.

Haskins is the very antithesis of Mr. Camp in everything save a certain physical resemblance, and, as Mrs. Danton is near-sighted, her mistake was natural.

"Well, if it's Mr. Camp his sister ought to know he's escaped. I'll go in and tell her, and you head him off and take him home."

"No," said I; "I'll run down to the station and tell the baggageman to do it. He might resent my interfering, and I like him too well for that."

She was already at the head of the stairs.

"Yes, but he's fond of you, so you could easily manage him. Just reason him out of it, but hurry. The 9:24 will be here in a few minutes."

I hastily wiped the lather off my chin, and, not waiting to put on collar or coat—the day was a warm one in June—I rushed out of the house, and, by cutting across my neighbor's back yard, I soon got ahead of the old man.

On I ran and arrived at the station while Mr. Camp was at least a block away. There were neither passengers nor loungers about. Most of my neighbors were already at their New York desks, and the solitary hackman was not anywhere in sight, and I was glad of it, as I was not dressed for the outer world.

I opened the door and ran to the ticket window.

"Oh, where's Mr. Parkinson?" said I, as a strange face appeared at the opening.

"Sick. Where to?" said he, running his fingers tentatively along the ticket-rack.

"No, I don't want a ticket. Say, there's an old gentleman a little out of his head coming here in a minute. He'll tell you he wants to go to New York to attend a directors' meeting, but you mustn't sell him a ticket. Keep him busy until the 9:24 goes, and meanwhile I'll go after his attendant. It's Mr. Camp, you know. Lives here, but just a little——"

"I understand," said the temporary agent. "Not enough buttons. He won't get by me. Shall I shut him up in here?"

"Yes, if necessary. But be gentle with him. Nice old man. All right only for that."

"I understand."

Much gratified, I nodded my head and rushed through the outward door, and, making a detour of the station, started home.

As I turned the corner of the station I saw Mr. Camp's coat-tails vanishing in the doorway of the men's waiting-room, and then it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps I'd better stay on hand until the train had left, as I might be needed.

I stepped into the ladies' waiting-room and I heard every bit of the conversation that followed. It would have been as good as a play if it had not seemed to me pathetic—still, some good plays are pathetic.

"I want a return ticket to New York. Left my commutation at home," said Mr. Camp. He evidently had a cold, as his voice was very hoarse and much gruffer than usual.

"Very sorry," said the ticket agent, "but I have orders not to sell you a ticket."

"What in thunder do you mean?"

"Nice weather, isn't it? Feels a little like rain. Say, don't you want to come inside here and look at this picture of the St. Louis Exposition?"

I understood the man's scheme at once. The office was protected by a wire netting and he wished to lure Mr. Camp inside and then keep him a prisoner.

Mr. Camp's answer astonished me. I never had heard the dear old gentleman swear before. Still, he was probably excited.

"Are you a fool or a damfool?" said the old gentleman, his voice growing strident and more and more unlike his usual tones. "Sell me a ticket to New York at once. I've got to attend an important meeting. I believe you're crazy."

"Exactly, but you get no ticket from me. Orders are orders."

Outside I could hear a singing on the rails. The train was approaching.

"Very well, then, I'll pay on the train; but, young man, you'll lose your position for this." I heard him take a step toward the door and felt that now was my time. I would throw myself on him and hold him until the train had left. I rushed out of the ladies' waiting-room and along the platform to the other door. Inside I heard a sound of a struggle, and then, to my horror, there was a pistol shot, and then a door was slammed and there was silence for a moment. My heart stood still. So did the train, but only for a second. There being no passengers in sight, it steamed off and disappeared beyond the Kent Street bridge.

I looked up the platform and saw my wife hurrying along bareheaded.

"Well, you *did* make a mistake, didn't you?" she cried.

"Not that I'm aware of," said I with as much dignity as I could assume without a collar. "He's got him all right. Where's his man?"

"Reading to Mr. Camp in his library."

"Like fun he is," said I sarcastically. "Mr. Camp is not listening to any reading. It's quite unprintable. That new man has him all right, and he didn't catch the train."

"Horace Danton, who is the new man, and who has he got? I tell you that Mr. Camp is at home and I've just been talking to him."

Her words suddenly took on meaning, and I said:

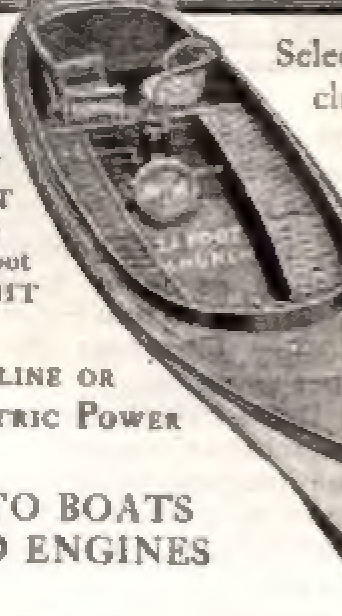
"For pity's sake, who *has* he got? He has some one, and they're having it hot and heavy. You wait and I'll go see. They had pistols."

At the word pistols Mrs. Danton stopped and then began to walk backward, and I ran to the door, and as they were still struggling I planted my foot against it and burst in.

There were visible evidences of a struggle. The pistol, which had wrecked a kerosene lamp, was lying on the desk, the agent having wrested it from his antagonist's hand. Oil bespattered the shade, and ink was flowing across a dispatch-book and down on to the floor. The agent, quite winded, was nursing his eye at one end of the tiny apartment, and opposite him, bound with a rope and puffing and blowing, but full of fight—and profanity—sat Mr. Edward T. Haskins, Wall Street magnate, of whom I spoke earlier in the story.

I felt at once that I needed a change of scene, and, after trying to explain things to two angry men, I went home and packed up, and we spent the rest of my vacation on the Maine coast.

Mrs. Danton says I ought to go to an oculist.



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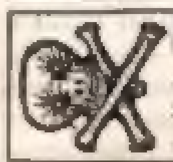

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Literary Folk—Their Ways and Their Work

SIR MORTIMER — Miss Johnston's book is a disappointment to admirers of her earlier work.

¶ If Prisoners of Hope, Miss Johnston's first book, was her best, as many maintain, it would be difficult to prove that Sir Mortimer, her last (by Mary Johnston: *Harper & Bros.)*, is not her worst.

Prisoners of Hope had ingenuity of construction, an undoubted command of the outer works, if not the inner strength, of style, and a full understanding of the way to roll up a chapter, bigger and bigger, louder and louder, until crash! it exploded in rhetoric at your own ears. It was deafening and it grew monotonous, but you had to jump, and you admitted that it was well done.

Sir Mortimer is a romance of the gentleman freebooter of the days of Drake and Frobisher. Whatever were the beauties of Elizabethan English—and it is not here that they would be denied—they are not safe to imitate. Thackeray found it a task of some difficulty even to suggest the quality, without aping the manner, of Addisonian English; and, well as he did it, recognition has not been wanting that it is finished execution rather than natural expression that he secured in Henry Esmond. How much more difficult, then, to revert to the Elizabethans!

We have our own style, and, for better or worse, the only sort of excellence we shall attain is in developing it. The peculiar beauty of early English was its break-o'-day freshness—a quality, surely, not to be won by diligent study of the approved models; and with it went a curious elaboration of conceit, a love of oddities and a mettlesome and dangerous willingness to adventure overcharged figures of speech. It is the whole story that is overcharged in Sir Mortimer—a slender narrative weighted down with a great burden of words. All the fal-lals, all the frayed laces, tattered streamers and broken finery of Elizabethan conceit dress a plot made hard to read and harder to believe.

THE WATCHERS OF THE TRAIL — More of Mr. Roberts' excellent animal stories and careful workmanship.

¶ The Watchers of the Trail *(L. C. Page & Co.)* is not the only collection of animal stories that Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts has published. He was one of the first in the field; but it seems that his manner and method are not contagious. The more's the pity, for his has been the safest way home if the longest way around. He has chosen to avoid the melodramatic, the visionary and the sentimental, writing always with restraint and an artist's respect for the dignity of his subject.

There are twenty-two stories in the present volume, with a quantity of delightful illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull that deserve far better reproduction than they get. Some of the stories are incidents, compressed to a page or two; others are of greater length and take in an appreciable duration of time. They treat of all shapes and sizes of animal life, from the dragon-fly of the pool, the king-bird of the air and the field mouse of the grasses to the wolf, the panther, the bear and the great moose. Perhaps the most effective of them are those in which the ancient impulses of freedom fight with the acquired habits of domestication, as in the story of the bull who is born in the woods and runs wild, the tame bear who comes back to the mountains, or the dog who joins the wolf pack; but there is nothing better in the book than The Keeper of the Water Gate, the little muskrat who holds the road against the mink.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES IN ONE VOLUME — A valuable book for every family shelf.

¶ To have the facts, to see them in perspective, to present them with the illusion of life and in the orderly sequence of intelligent direction—that is to write good history. We have had many historians of learning and scholarship, and two of genius—Parkman and Fiske; but, for the reader of small means and little leisure, the difficulty has been that, to get any well-rounded view of American history, he must study the subject brokenly by special periods in the recognized authorities, or face the weighty bulk of the standard authors. The textbooks were arid abstracts of dates and records, barren of imagination or charm; the standard authors were disconnected and incomplete, or prolix and tedious.

What was wanted was a serviceable one-volume history, and it has remained for Mr. Henry W. Elson, in his History of the United States *(The Macmillan Company)*, to give it. His pages are candid, temperate, free from repetition, in the main dignified, well proportioned and consequent. The social color of colonial and pioneer life, North, South and West, is brought out in the body of the text and aptly heightened in relevant anecdotal notes at the chapter ends. The estimates of public men are impartial and sane, though the statement on page 362 that Washington was "not a very great man," and that "had he been a greater man he might have misused his power," may not go unchallenged: it is not an attribute of greatness to abuse power, but well the reverse. But it is unfair to pluck a phrase from its setting and then read into it a meaning the paragraph as a whole does not have. Mr. Elson's thought is just, and only the phrasing faulty. What is meant comes out clearly enough. He means that there have been greater geniuses. Yes, but no greater men, we reply. With genius, said Lowell, the gift is often greater and, in the main, better than the man. But Washington, with all his talents, was always greater than they—preëminently the master of himself and others, in the truest sense a great *man*.

Minor errors are bound to creep into the first edition of any extended work. On page 201 for wedgwood read Wedgewood, and on page 556 for Lagree read Legree—proof-readers' errors. One is less ready to account for the abbreviated list of colleges founded before the Revolution given on page 207—Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Columbia (King's) and Brown. This list omits Dartmouth, the college of Webster, Rufus Choate and Levi Woodbury—chartered by the earl from whom it takes its name, in 1769, and opened in 1770—Hampden-Sidney College (Virginia), 1776, and Washington and Lee University (Virginia), 1749. Also, the index, under "Washington, characteristics of," refers to page 275, which, on examination, proves to be innocent of so much as Washington's name. It may be the only error in the index, but it shakes the reader's confidence.

More vital are blemishes in style. An error of fact or grammar may always be corrected. An error of taste is organic and persists beyond all remedy. Mr. Elson's style, already characterized for its virtues, shows also certain defects. For all its plain-dealing righteousness it has no delicately attuned sensitiveness to effects of language, for those matters of artistic conscience that are not dealt with by commandment. There is, of course, no rule of preference for words of Latin or words of native stock. For one effect the Latin is better, for another the native. But every one will agree that in a simple epithet the two do not fuse. It is better, for instance, to write deathless strife or implacable contention than "implacable strife," as does Mr. Elson (page 30); better and less pompous to write fair-skinned than "fair of complexion"—which ludicrously suggests "light complected." And it is priggish and pompous both to write: "From these sublime legends (the Indian legends of creation and of dawn) the narrator would descend to the relating of revolting witch and ghost stories unworthy of the wizard or crone." The one is no more unworthy of him than the other is handsome of him. That was the way he was made, and both are expressive of his spiritual life. The same easy assumption of the nearest phrase betrays the author into the use of such faded literary allusions as the comparison of Aaron Burr's relations with his daughter to a "pathetic vein" that ran like a "scarlet thread" through his life (if the vein is a mineral vein how can it be pathetic; if an anatomical vein, how can it be scarlet?); the likening of Jefferson to "a voice crying in the wilderness"; the hackneyed epithet, "literary gem"; and the astounding metaphor whereby in one and the same passage the Merrimac appears as "a huge, half-submerged crocodile," and as an "iron pachyderm." It permits such a slovenly antithesis as this: "Douglas was below the average stature of man; Lincoln was above it. Douglas was compactly built, graceful, and polished in manners; *Lincoln was the opposite of all those*"—an antithesis that falls hamstrung in the second sentence. It winks at the slipshod use of "while" for "though" or "whereas," instead of in its proper sense of duration of time. It links arms with split infinitives. It perverts claim to the use frowned upon by Herbert Spencer "because there are sundry words serving rightly to express the intended meaning where the word employed does not express it." For instance, on page 487—"One cause of this was, *it is claimed*," etc.—of which Mr. Spencer says: "A thing claimed is a thing which may be possessed: but one who *claims* that A behaved better than B implies possession in no sense, either actual or potential." On page 202 is the following sentence: "The Puritans were not great landholders, they were small farmers, each with his little clearing, surrounded by the dark, merciless forest with its wild beasts and wild men. But *he* was loath to dwell far from the town," etc. No settler was ever lonelier than is that poor pronoun, gazing wistfully back at the stern Puritans from whom it is separated, by every rule of grammar.

Yet it would not be just to lay too much emphasis on these errors, trivial in themselves. They do not mar the excellent proportion of the book as a whole, its strong, resolvent criticism of events, its admirable continuity of thought, its serviceable common-sense; but they are of a quality to indicate a defect of temperament. They will still guide the hand that writes the corrections. In short, they prevent the book from ever becoming a classic. After all, some hope for writers yet to come it is a kindness to leave.

STRONG MAC — A Scottish romance by Mr. Crockett in familiar lines of love and adventure.

¶ A new book by Mr. Crockett is sure to command a measure of attention. He is always a skillful craftsman and often an artist of no mean abilities, but his stories follow one another with such rapidity that there comes at times the feeling that the man content with a "good job," adequate to the traditional demands of the situation, has crowded out the more timorous and more exacting idealist. Strong Mac, by S. R. Crockett *(Dodd, Mead & Co.)*, is framed on familiar lines of romance and adventure. It has passages of very pretty writing and many happy strokes of portraiture, but it leaves the impression of a task done—creditably done and conscientiously, with adequate ingenuity, but still a task—rather than the outcome of a creative impulse. The love-story of Adora Gracie and Strong Mac will not bore the reader, but neither will it stand out with any distinct individuality from other work of the same author and the same school.

¶ **MINOR MENTION: The Picaroons,** by Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin *(McClure, Phillips & Co.)*, is very much in the mould of The Quest of Queen Isyl, by the same authors. There is the same frank use of the old Arabian and Spanish device of the Thousand and One Nights and the picaresque romances of the seventeenth century, the same light treatment, the same vice of overwrought ingenuity in search of the piquant and original phrase.

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¶ **A very graceful tribute** to the sparkling memory of the late Clarence King is published by *G. P. Putnam's Sons* for the Century Association, of which he was a member. The volume includes from his published work The Helmet of Mambrino, and memoirs, among others, by William Dean Howells, John La Farge, Edmund Clarence Stedman and William Crary Brownell.

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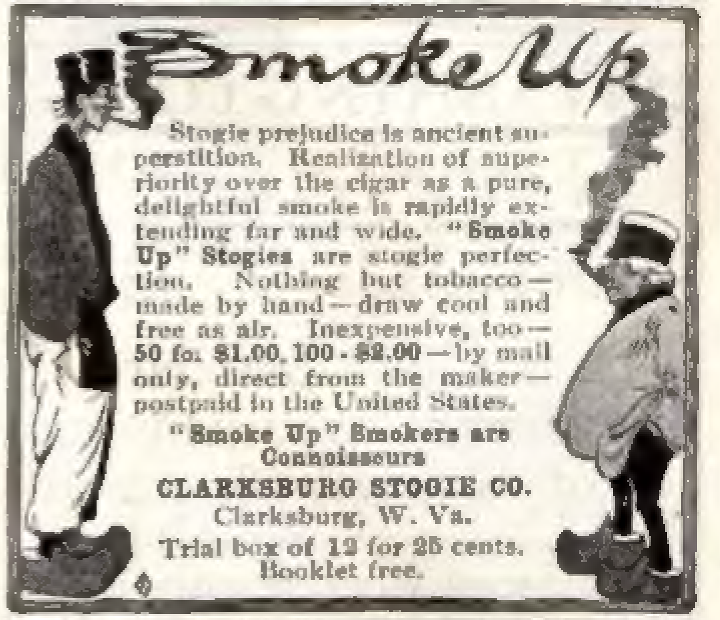

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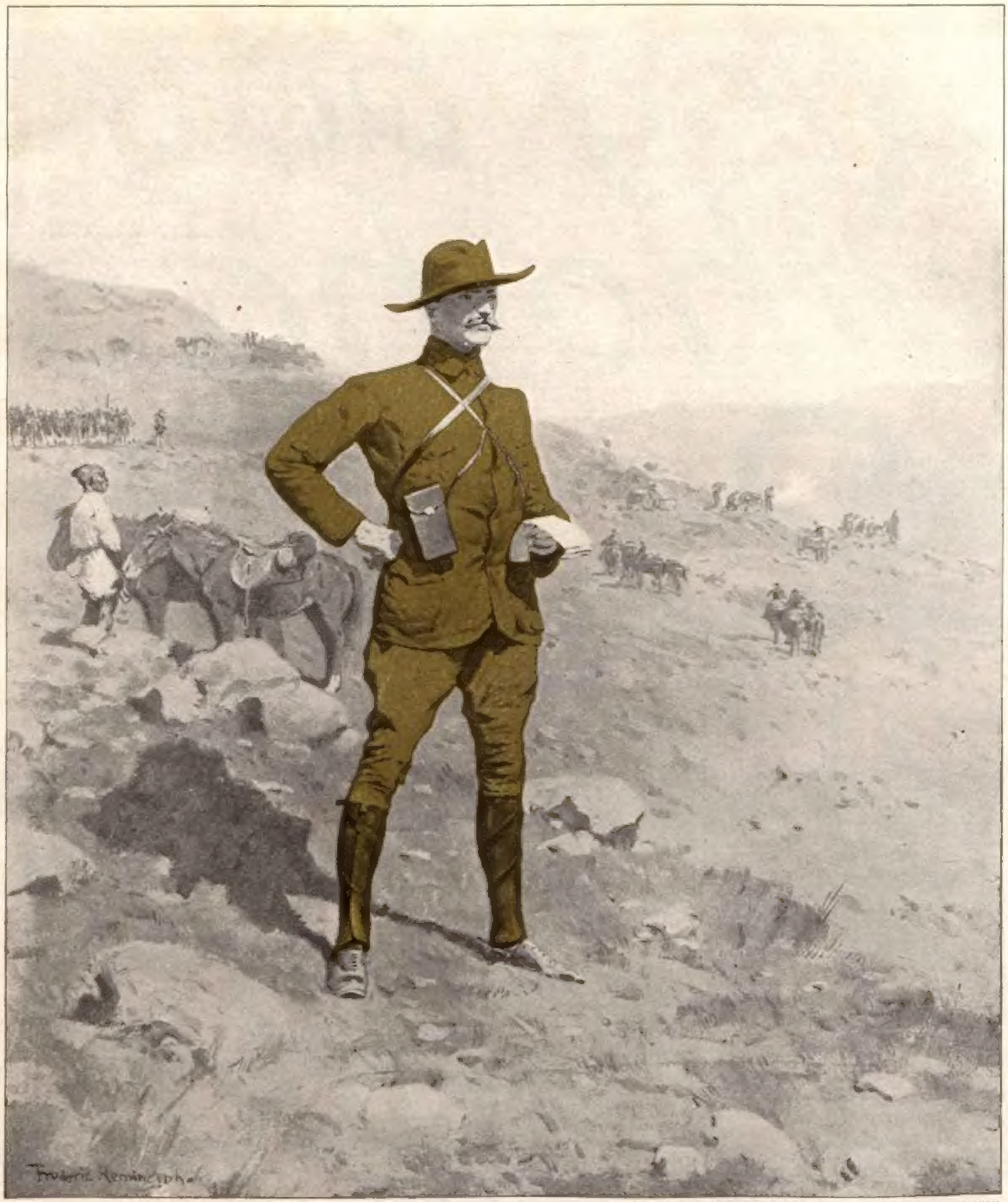

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